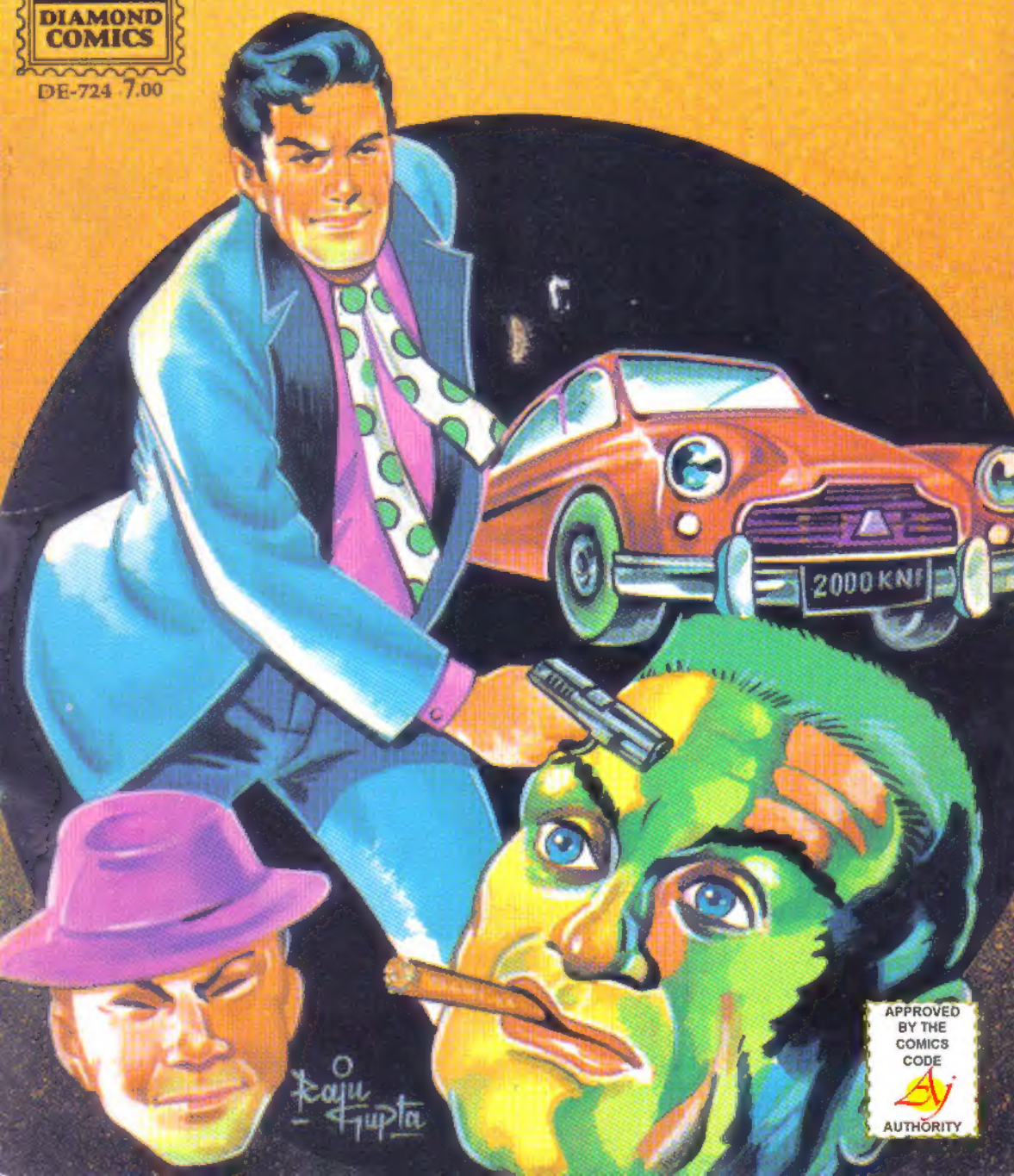




DIAMOND
COMICS

DE-724 7.00

007 JAMES BOND-27



Raj
Gupta

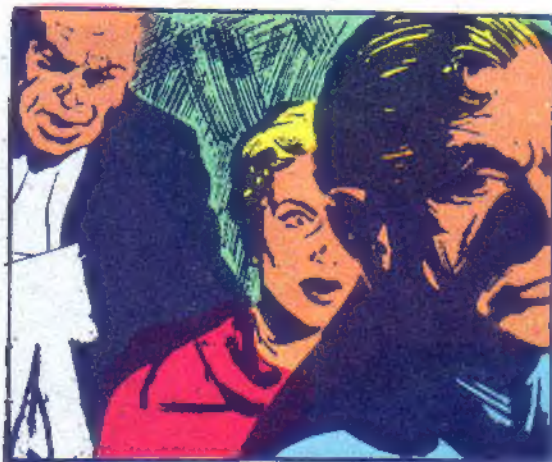
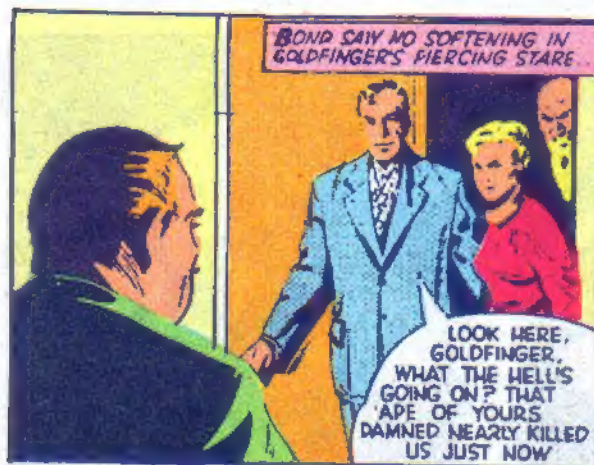
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BY THE
COMICS
CODE

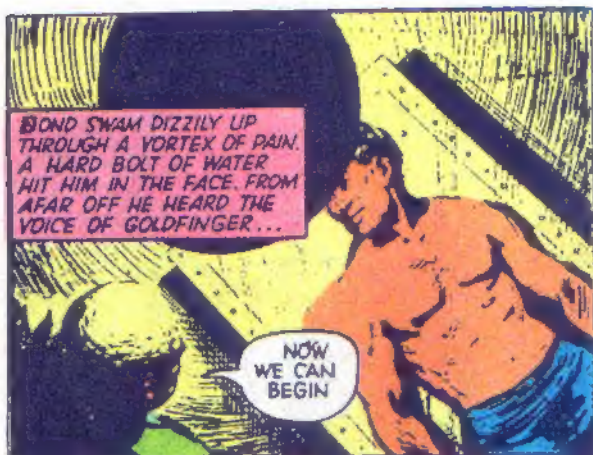
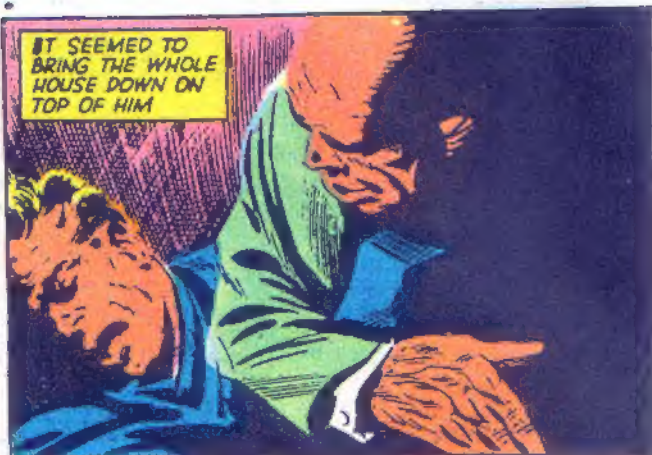


AUTHORITY

GOLD FINGER

'M' THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE' SENDS BOND TO KEEP AN EYE ON GOLDFINGER, HE SUSPECTED THAT GOLDFINGER IS AN AGENT OF 'SMERH'- A SPY NETWORK OF RUSSIA AND HE SELLS CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION TO RUSSIA. BOND FOLLOWS GOLDFINGER AND REACHES HIS DEN WHICH WAS IN SWITZERLAND. A GIRL NAMED TILLY WHO WANTED TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF HER SISTER, ALSO ACCOMPANIES HIM. WHEN THEY WERE PROWLING AROUND GOLDFINGER'S VILLA, GOLDFINGER'S KOREAN SERVANT CATCHES THEM AND THEN...



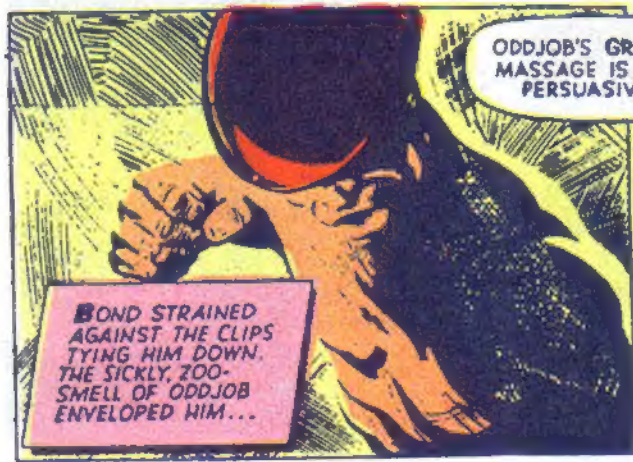




SING, AND YOU SHALL DIE QUICKLY
AND PAINLESSLY. SING NOT, AND
YOUR DEATH WILL BE ONE LONG
SCREAM. THE GIRL
ALSO...



MAKE YOUR
CHOICE. PERHAP
I CAN ENCOURAGE
YOU. A LITTLE
MESSAGE FROM ODDJOB-
TO BEGIN WITH, ONLY
GRADE ONE...



BOND STRAINED
AGAINST THE CLIPS
TYING HIM DOWN.
THE SICKLY, ZOO-
SMELL OF ODDJOB
ENVELOPED HIM...

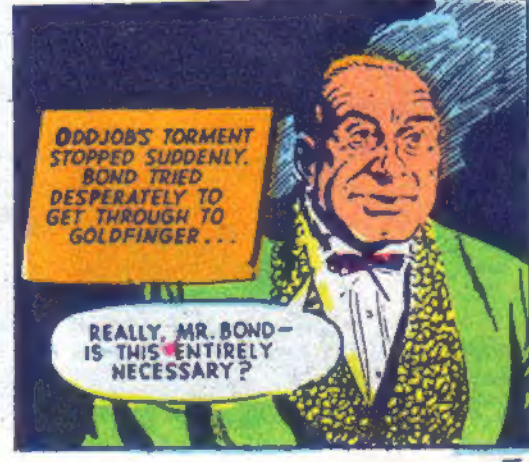
ODDJOB'S GRADE ONE
MESSAGE IS HIGHLY
PERSUASIVE...



GRADES TWO
AND THREE,
WHICH FOLLOW,
EVEN MORE
SO...



ALWAYS THE HARD HANDS WERE
SURGICALLY ACCURATE. BOND
GROUNDED HIS TEETH UNTIL HE
THOUGHT THEY WOULD BREAK

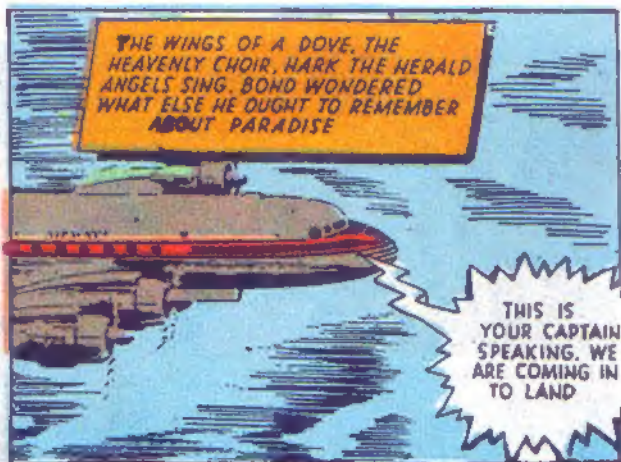


ODDJOB'S TORMENT
STOPPED SUDDENLY.
BOND TRIED
DESPERATELY TO
GET THROUGH TO
GOLDFINGER...

REALLY, MR. BOND-
IS THIS ENTIRELY
NECESSARY?

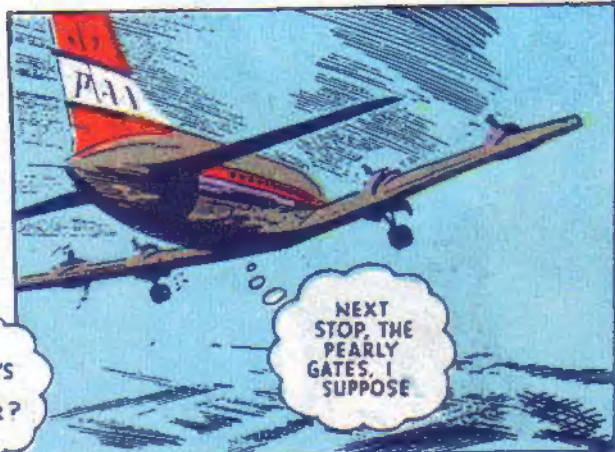


IT WAS FINISHED. IF ONLY, BOND THOUGHT, ONE COULD CHOOSE THE WAY TO DIE. THE HANDS OF ODDJOB CAME BACK.

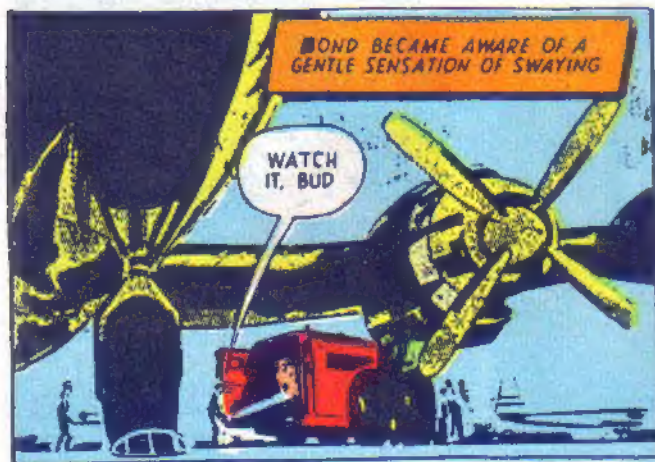




WHO
THE HELL'S
THAT —
ST. PETER?



NEXT
STOP, THE
PEARLY
GATES, I
SUPPOSE



WATCH
IT, BUD

BOND BECAME AWARE OF A
GENTLE SENSATION OF SWAYING

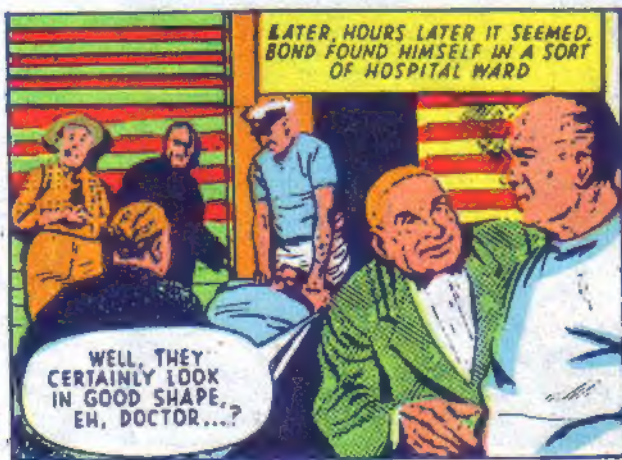


HEY — WHERE
AM I?

WELL,
WHADDYA KNOW,
HEY, SAM, CALL THE
DOC — THIS ONE'S
COME ROUND

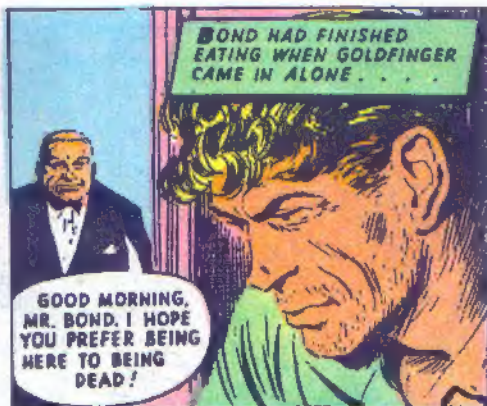
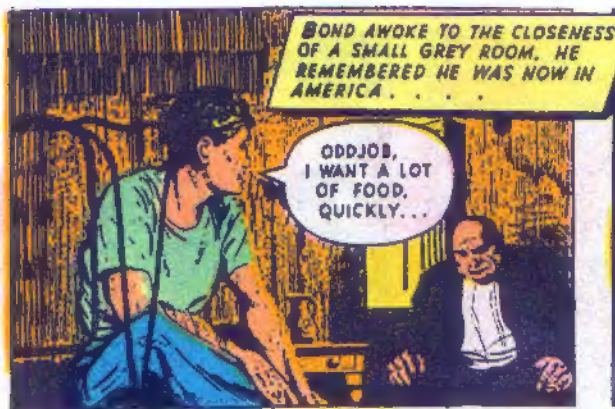
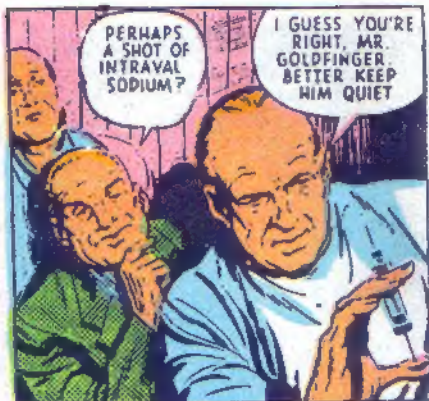


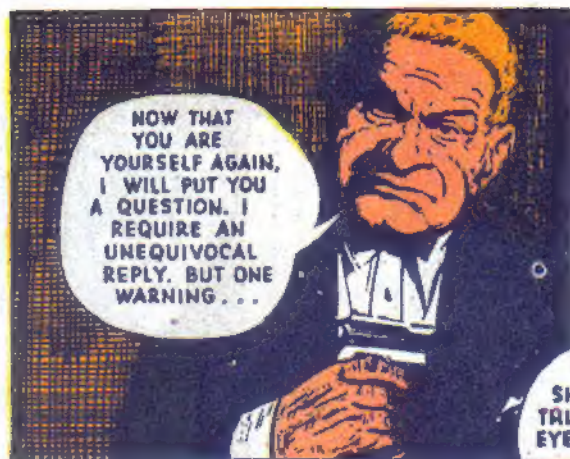
TAKE IT EASY,
MISTER. YOU'RE
OKAY. THIS IS IDLEWILD,
NEW YORK. YOU'RE IN
AMERICA NOW. NO
MORE TROUBLES. SEE



LATER, HOURS LATER IT SEEMED,
BOND FOUND HIMSELF IN A SORT
OF HOSPITAL WARD

WELL, THEY
CERTAINLY LOOK
IN GOOD SHAPE,
EH, DOCTOR...?





NOW THAT YOU ARE YOURSELF AGAIN, I WILL PUT YOU A QUESTION. I REQUIRE AN UNEQUIVOCAL REPLY. BUT ONE WARNING...



DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ATTACK ME, OR I SHALL SHOOT YOU WITH THIS. I AIM AT THE RIGHT EYE— AND I NEVER MISS

I'M A ROTTEN SHOT WITH A BOTTLE, GOLDFINGER. GO AHEAD...



BOND LISTENED ATTENTIVELY. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE HAD KNOWN GOLDFINGER, THE MAN'S FACE WAS SHOWING SOME EXPRESSION...

MR. BOND, ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN IN LOVE. I HAVE BEEN IN LOVE WITH GOLD



I HAVE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO COLLECTING IT. IS THERE ANY OTHER SUBSTANCE ON EARTH THAT SO REWARDS ITS OWNER?

I SEE YOUR POINT. HOW MUCH HAVE YOU COLLECTED? AND WHAT DO YOU DO WITH IT?



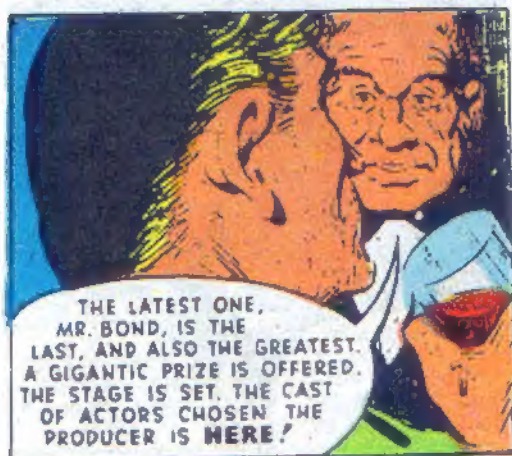
SOME TWENTY MILLION POUNDS WORTH, WITH WHICH I ESPOUSE VARIOUS ENTERPRISES. I INVEST, I SMUGGLE, I STEAL

I CAN'T SEE WHAT ALL THIS HAS TO DO WITH ME



BOND SENSED THAT SOME SORT OF PROPOSAL WAS COMING FROM GOLDFINGER. HE BECAME IMPATIENT

AND WHAT'S THE LATEST OF YOUR—ER— ENTERPRISES? AND WHERE DO I COME IN?



THE LATEST ONE, MR. BOND, IS THE LAST, AND ALSO THE GREATEST. A GIGANTIC PRIZE IS OFFERED. THE STAGE IS SET. THE CAST OF ACTORS CHOSEN THE PRODUCER IS HERE!



IT IS A ROBBERY, MR. BOND. WHEN THE OPERATION IS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, YOU WILL RECEIVE ONE MILLION POUNDS IN GOLD



NOW YOU ARE TALKING!



BOND WAS PUZZLED. GOLDFINGER WAS NO MANIAC, YET HE WAS OFFERING A MILLION IN GOLD FOR BOND'S HELP IN SOME ROBBERY.

WELL, GO ON. WHAT DO WE DO? ROB THE END OF THE RAINBOW?



WE ARE GOING, MR. BOND, TO TAKE FORT KNOX!

YES, EXACTLY. WE ARE GOING TO BURGLE FIFTEEN 'BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD BULLION - HALF THE SUPPLY OF MINED GOLD IN THE WORLD!



YOU'RE WHAT...?



BURGLE FORT KNOX? RATHER A TALL ORDER, ISN'T IT? EVEN FOR YOU!

GOLDFINGER'S PROPOSAL WAS SO STAGGERING THAT FOR A MOMENT BOND COULD ONLY STAND AND STARE. . . .



PLEASE, MR. BOND. THE OPERATION WILL NEED DETAILED EXECUTION. YOU WILL SUPERVISE THE DETAILS, WITH MISS MASTERTON AS YOUR SECRETARY



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A MILLIONAIRE!

I HAVE HIRED YOUR SERVICES. I SHALL REQUIRE EVERY OUNCE OF THEM. IS THAT A BARGAIN?



BOND WAS STAGGERED BY GOLDFINGER'S PROPOSITION BUT THE MAN SEEMED PERFECTLY SERIOUS

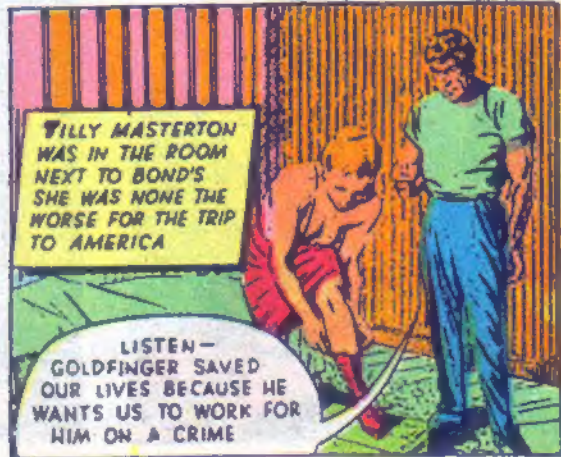
YOU'RE GOING TO BURGLE FORT KNOX...? WITH JUST MISS MASTERTON AND ME TO HELP?



I AM NOT JOKING MR BOND I SHALL HAVE UNDER ME ONE HUNDRED MEN AND WOMEN HAND PICKED FROM THE SIX MOST POWERFUL GANGSTER GROUPS OVER HERE

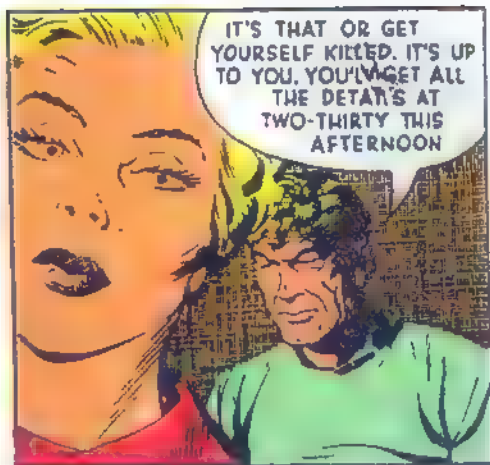
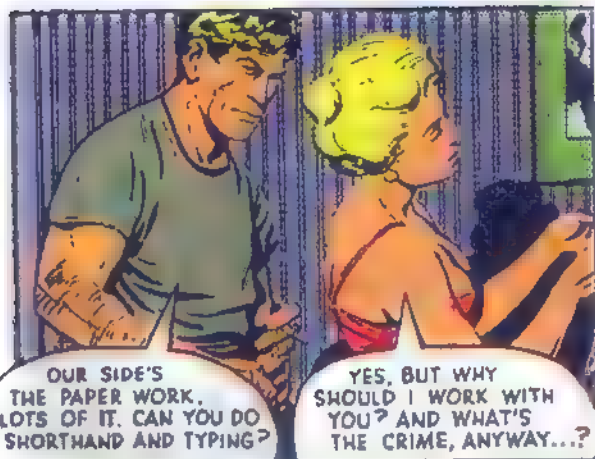


YOU AND MISS MASTERTON WILL MEET THE HEADS OF THESE GROUPS THIS AFTERNOON AT TWO-THIRTY THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE EXPLAINED...

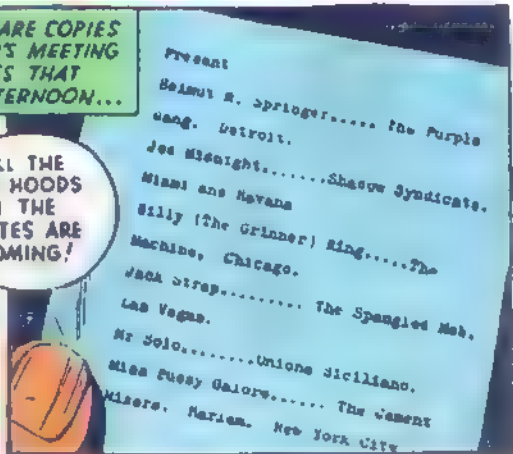


TILLY MASTERTON WAS IN THE ROOM NEXT TO BOND'S SHE WAS NONE THE WORSE FOR THE TRIP TO AMERICA

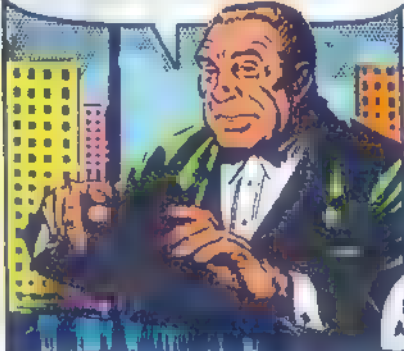
LISTEN—GOLDFINGER SAVED OUR LIVES BECAUSE HE WANTS US TO WORK FOR HIM ON A CRIME



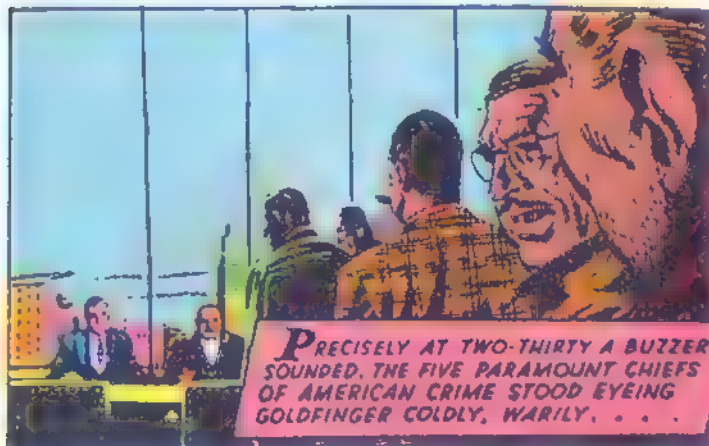
ALL THE TOP HOODS IN THE STATES ARE COMING!



AND, MR. BOND, I WANT YOUR REACTIONS TO THE SPEAKERS HERE. SOME MAY WISH TO BACK OUT. THEY WILL BE DEALT WITH. . . .

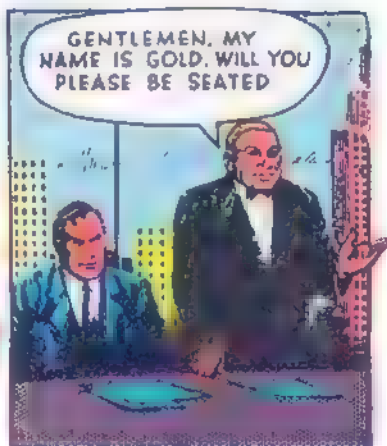


BUT THERE MAY BE DOUBTFUL ONES. REMEMBER—ONE TRAITOR, ONE BACKSLIDER, AND WE COULD BE DEAD OR IN PRISON FOR LIFE!



*P*RECISELY AT TWO-THIRTY A BUZZER SOUNDED. THE FIVE PARAMOUNT CHIEFS OF AMERICAN CRIME STOOD EYING GOLDFINGER COLDLY, WARILY. . . .

GENTLEMEN, MY NAME IS GOLD. WILL YOU PLEASE BE SEATED



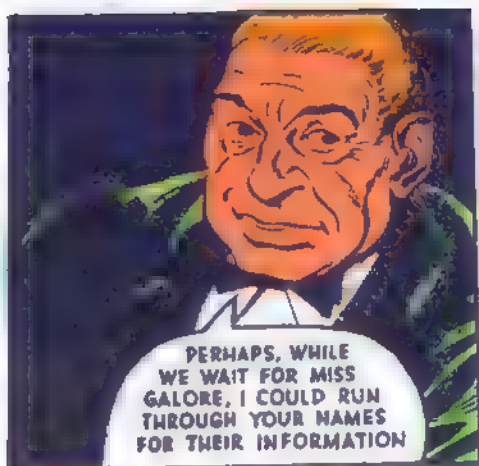
NO NOTES WILL BE MADE OF THIS MEETING, AND THERE ARE NO MICROPHONES THE AGENDA IS SELF-EXPLANATORY. I WILL NOW INTRODUCE YOU TO MY SECRETARIES



*L*OOKING AROUND THE TABLE, BOND FELT THAT HE HAD RARELY SEEN A MORE NIGHTMARISH CIRCLE OF FACES. . . .



MY SECRETARIES ARE MR. BOND, HERE, AND MISS TILLY MASTERTON...

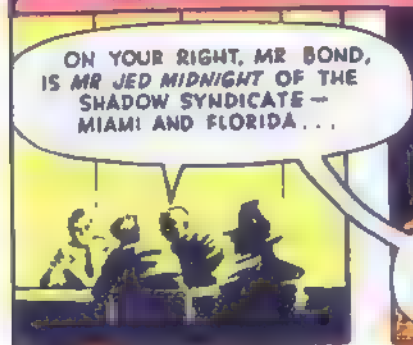


PERHAPS, WHILE
WE WAIT FOR MISS
GALORE, I COULD RUN
THROUGH YOUR NAMES
FOR THEIR INFORMATION

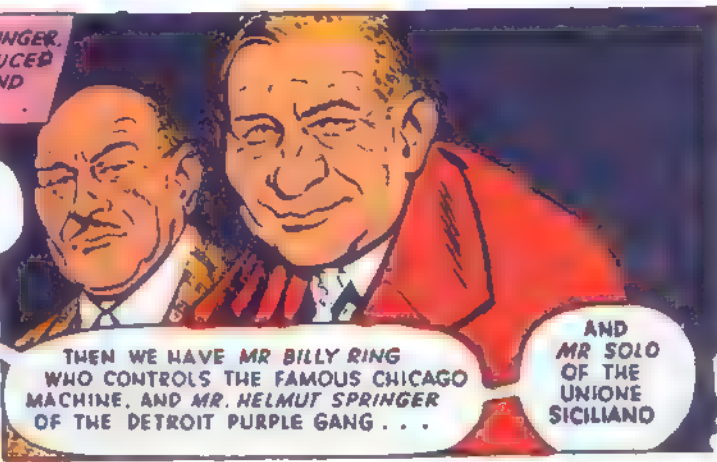


INCIDENTALLY, IN
EACH OF THE PARCELS
BEFORE YOU IS ONE TWENTY-
FOUR-CARAT GOLD BAR, VALUE
FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS,
TO COVER YOUR EXPENSES

BOND FORCED A GRIN AS GOLDFINGER,
TYPICALLY METHODOICAL, INTRODUCED
THE GANGSTERS GATHERED ROUND
THE TABLE



ON YOUR RIGHT, MR BOND,
IS MR JED MIDNIGHT OF THE
SHADOW SYNDICATE —
MIAMI AND FLORIDA . . .

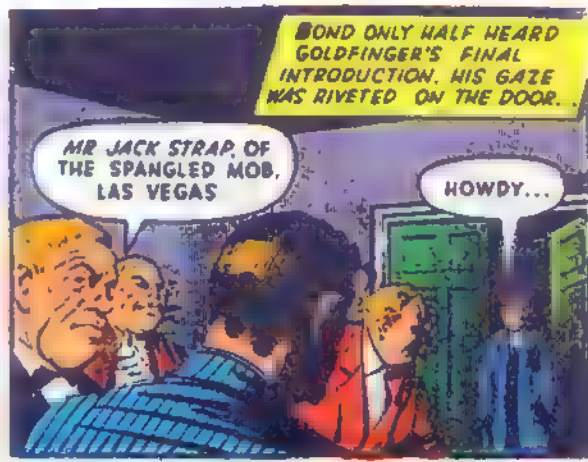


THEN WE HAVE MR BILLY RING
WHO CONTROLS THE FAMOUS CHICAGO
MACHINE, AND MR. HELMUT SPRINGER
OF THE DETROIT PURPLE GANG . . .

AND
MR SOLO
OF THE
UNIONE
SICILIANO



The head
of Mafia in
America— he
needs strength
and terror...



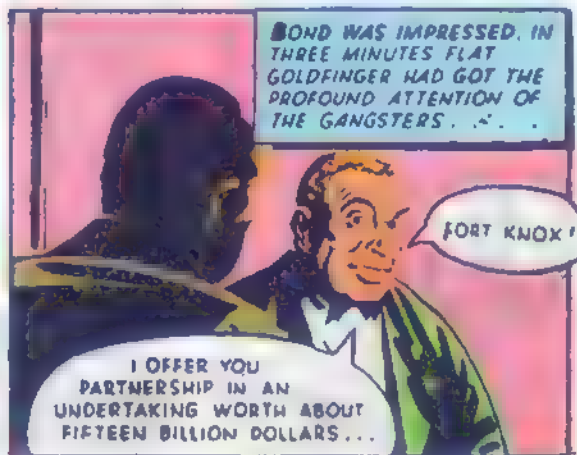
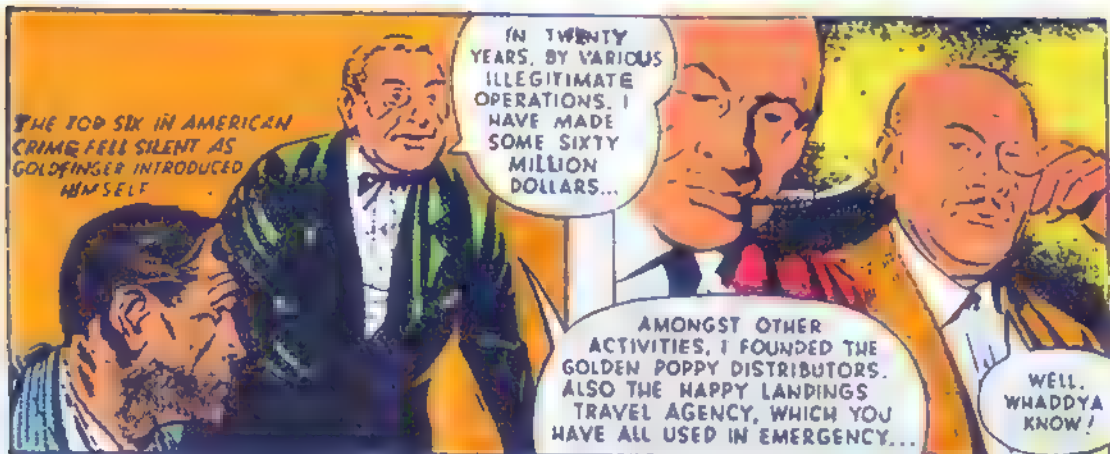
BOND ONLY HALF HEARD
GOLDFINGER'S FINAL
INTRODUCTION. HIS GAZE
WAS RIVETED ON THE DOOR.

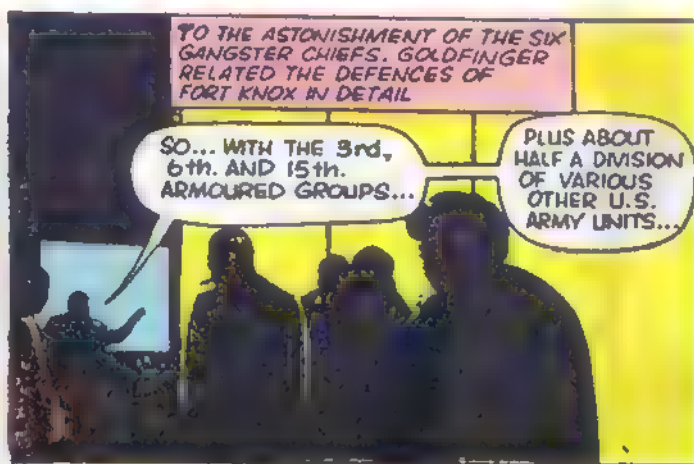
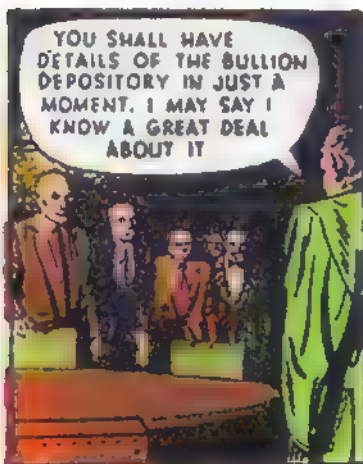
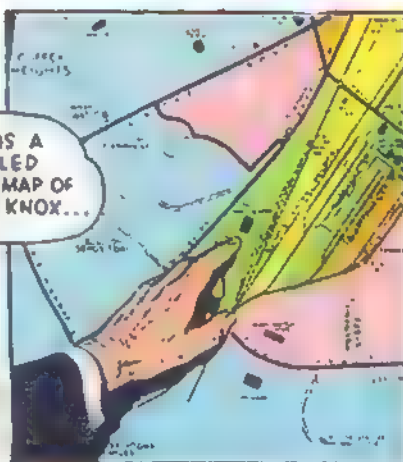
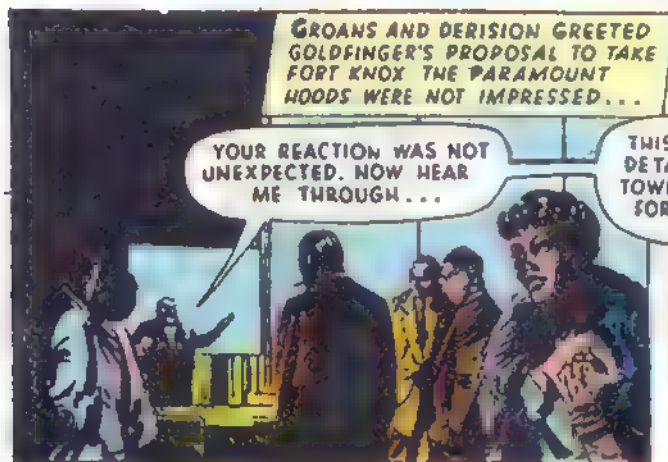
MR JACK STRAP, OF
THE SPANGLED MOB,
LAS VEGAS

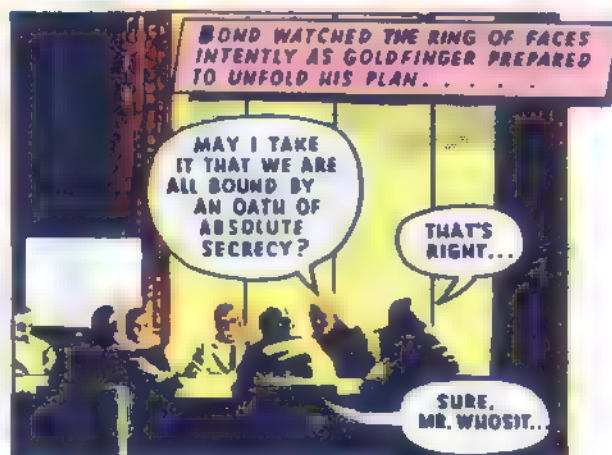
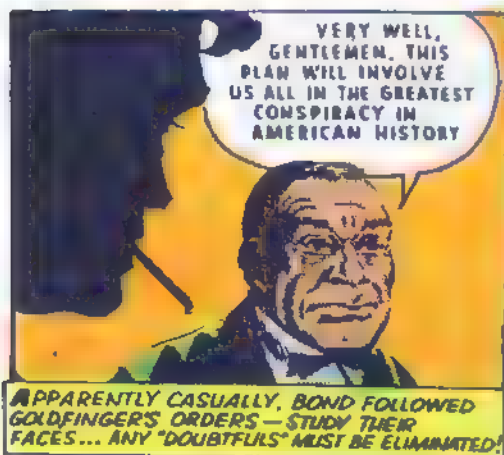
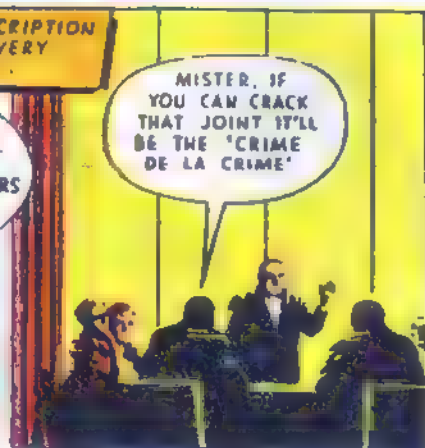
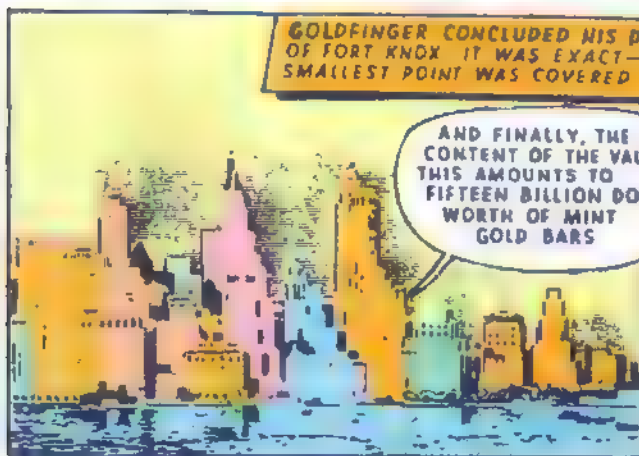
HOWDY...



BOND WAS FASCINATED BY THE GIRL, EVEN IF SHE DID BOSS A GANG OF WOMEN CALLED THE CEMENT MIXERS OF HARLEM...







TO BOND, SPRINGER'S VOICE RANG FALSE AS A SECOND-HAND MOTOR SALESMAN'S



THE LIST: Present

Helmut X. Springer.....
Gang. Detroit.

✓ Jed Midnight.....Shadow
Miami and Havana.

✓ Billy (The Grinner)

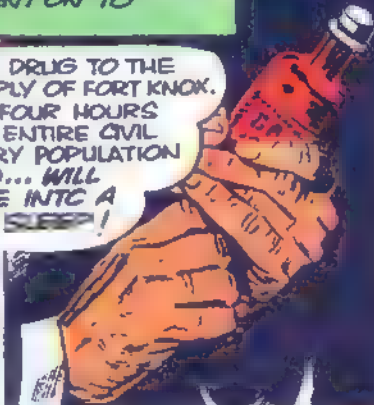
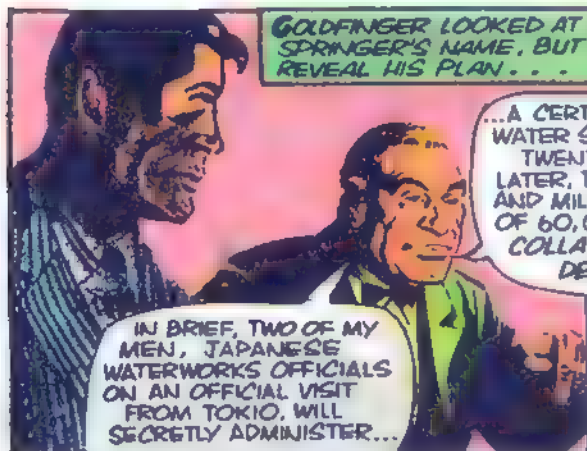
Machine

✓ Jack Str

Las Vegas

HE PASSED THE LIST, WITH ITS ONE QUERY MARK, TO GOLDFINGER ...

GOLDFINGER LOOKED AT THE QUERY AGAINST SPRINGER'S NAME, BUT WENT ON TO REVEAL HIS PLAN . . .

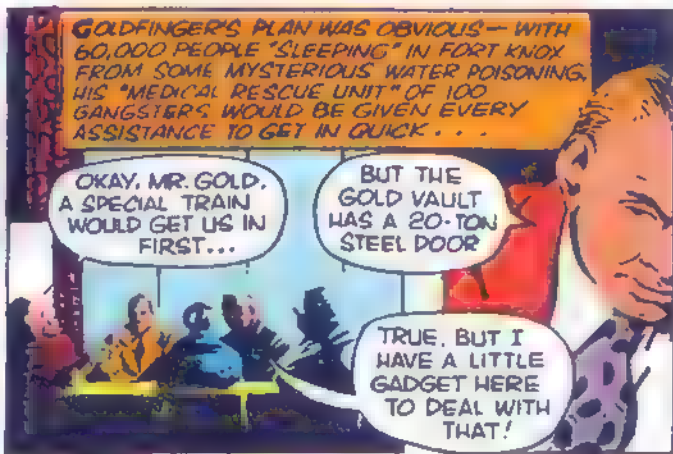


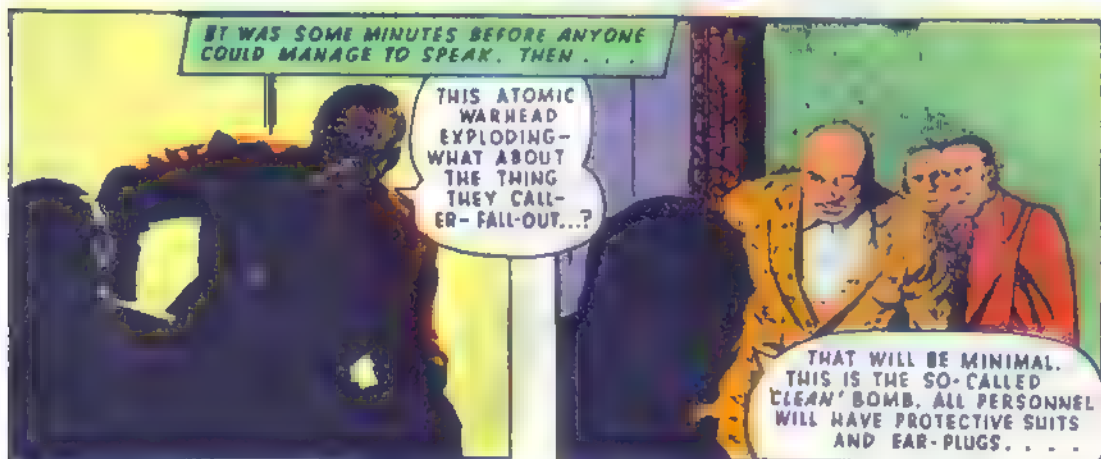
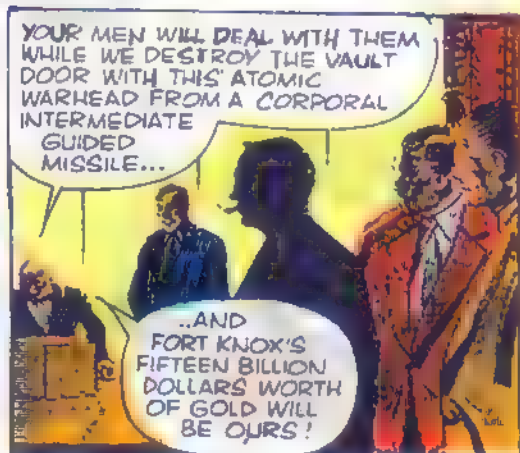
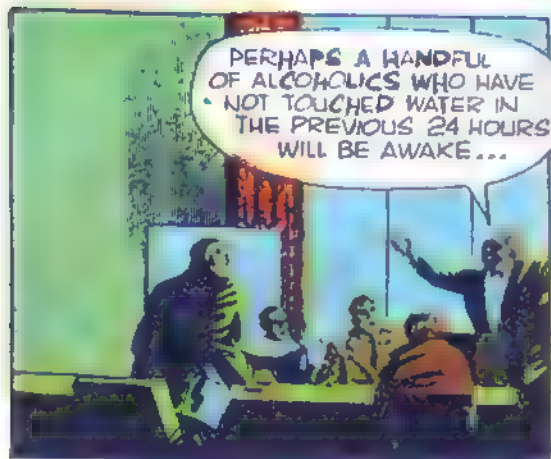
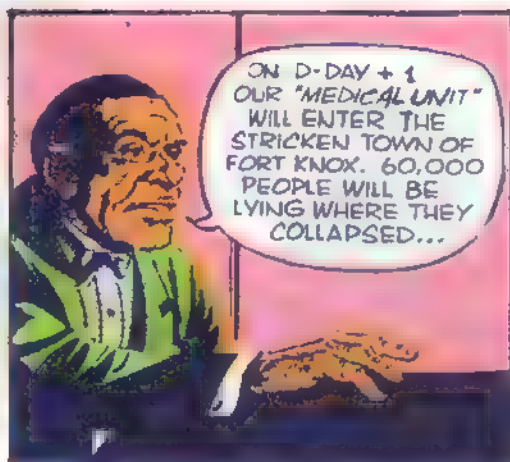
GOLDFINGER'S PLAN WAS OBVIOUS — WITH 60,000 PEOPLE "SLEEPING" IN FORT KNOX FROM SOME MYSTERIOUS WATER POISONING, HIS "MEDICAL RESCUE UNIT" OF 100 GANGSTERS WOULD BE GIVEN EVERY ASSISTANCE TO GET IN QUICK . . .

OKAY, MR. GOLD, A SPECIAL TRAIN WOULD GET US IN FIRST...

BUT THE GOLD VAULT HAS A 20-TON STEEL DOOR

TRUE, BUT I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET HERE TO DEAL WITH THAT!





CASUALTIES IN THE TOWN WILL EQUAL ABOUT THREE DAYS' TOLL ON THE ROADS. OUR "OPERATION SLEEP" WILL KEEP THE STATISTICS STEADY!

THAT'S DAMN NICE OF US!

GOLDFINGER CONCLUDED HIS PROPOSALS FOR THE BREAK-IN TO FORT KNOX, AND THEN...

YOU NOW HAVE THE DETAILS OF OPERATION GRAND SEAM. WHICH OF YOU WISHES TO PARTICIPATE...?

MR. GOLD, YOU SURE ARE THE GREATEST THING IN CRIME SINCE CAIN INVENTED MURDER. WE'RE IN...

AN' US! THIS'LL BE THE BIGGEST FIZZ-BANG IN HISTORY!

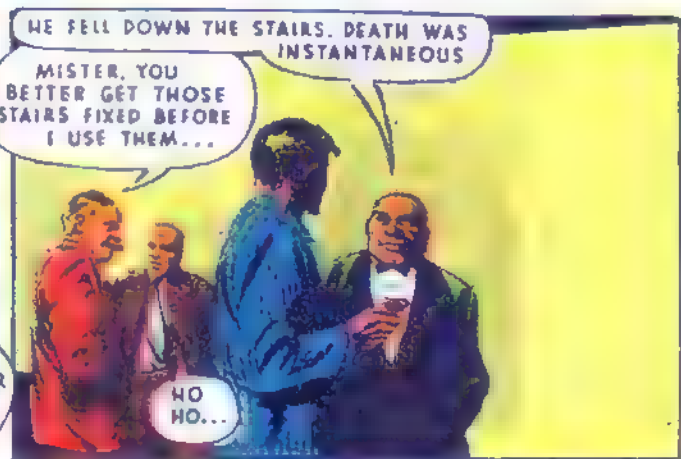
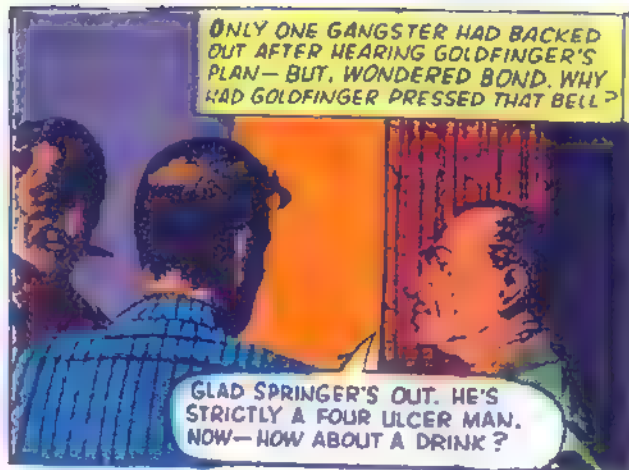
MY PEOPLE COME IN, YES. BUT MISTER, EITHER WE GET THAT BILLION DOLLAR SHARE OR YOU GET DEAD. IS OKAY?

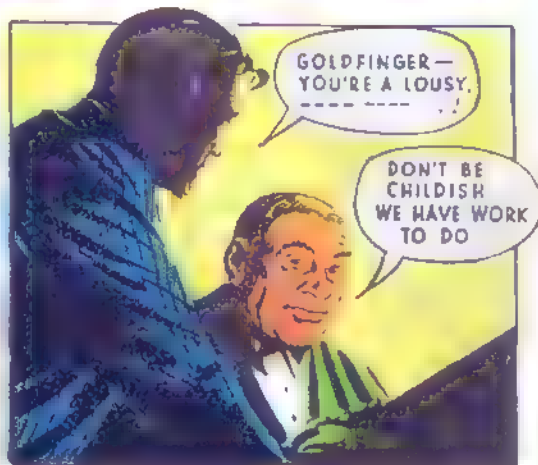
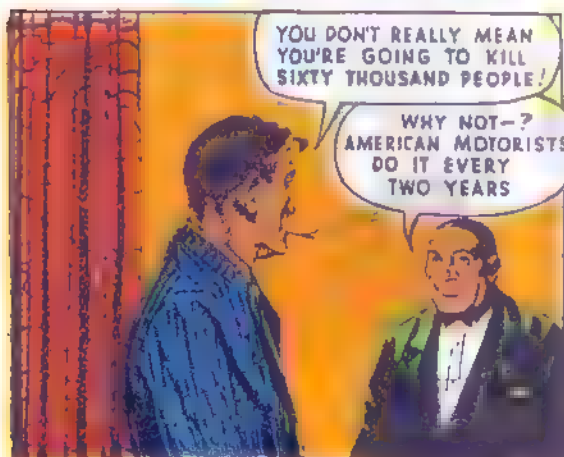
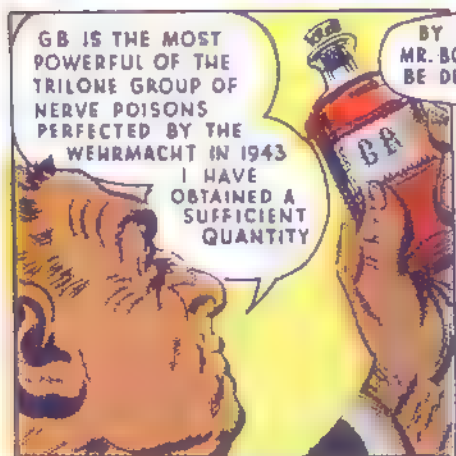
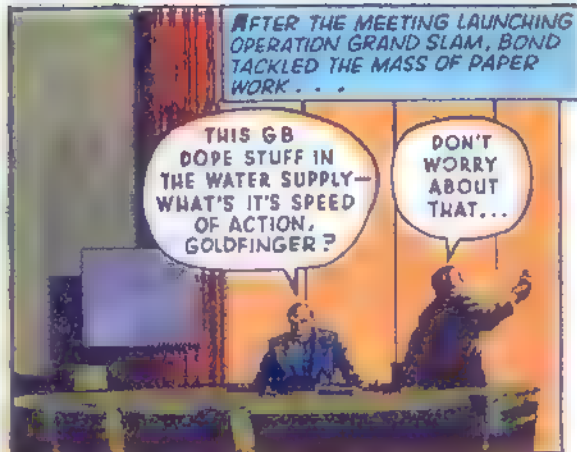
ONE BY ONE THE PARAMOUNT HOODS GAVE THEIR ASSENT...

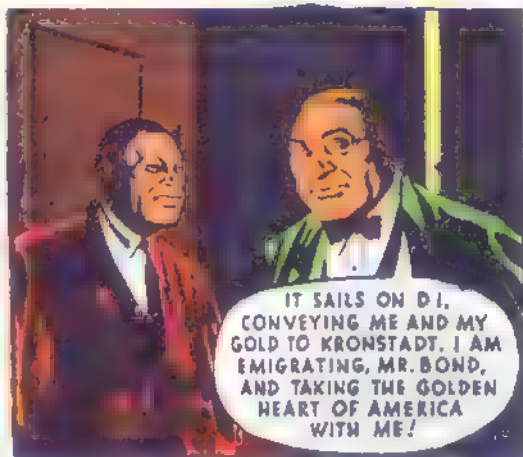
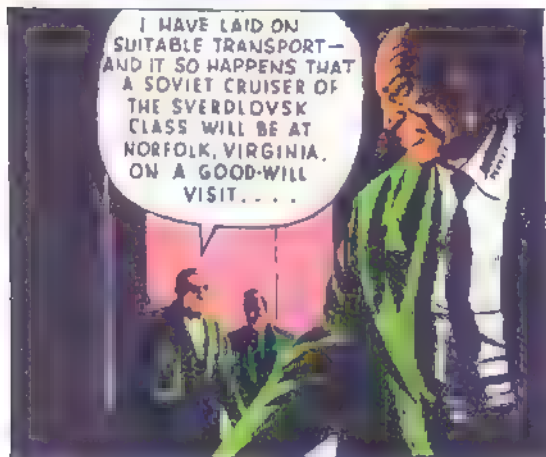
SURE I'LL COME IN. ME AN' MY GALS GOT TO EAT...

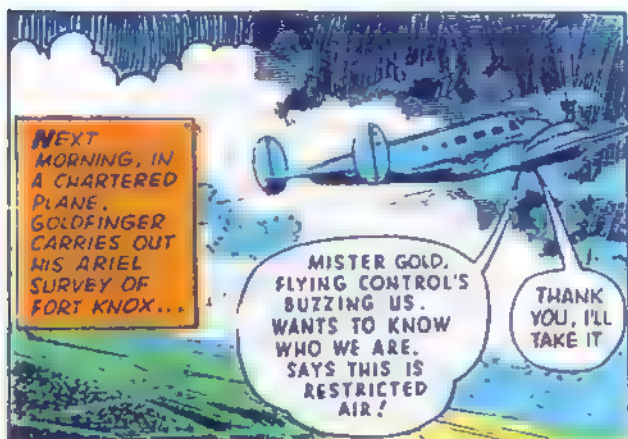
EXCELLENT, AND NOW, MR. SPRINGER?

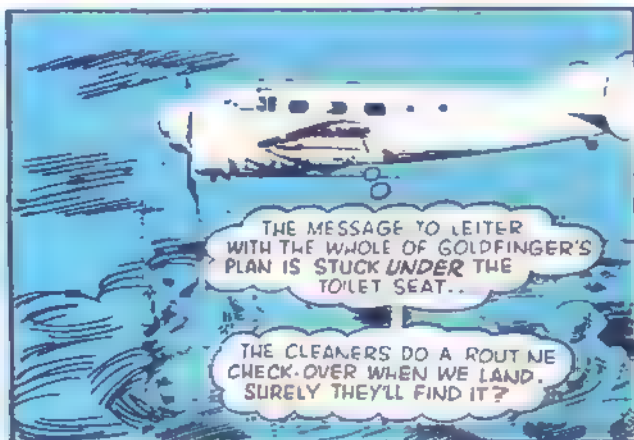
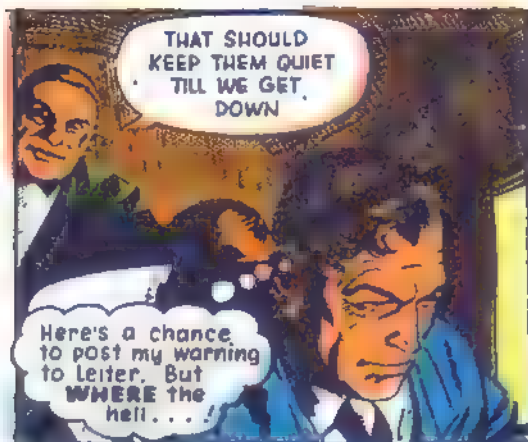
NO. I FEAR YOUR PROPOSALS WOULD NOT FIND FAVOUR WITH MY COLLEAGUES IN DETROIT...









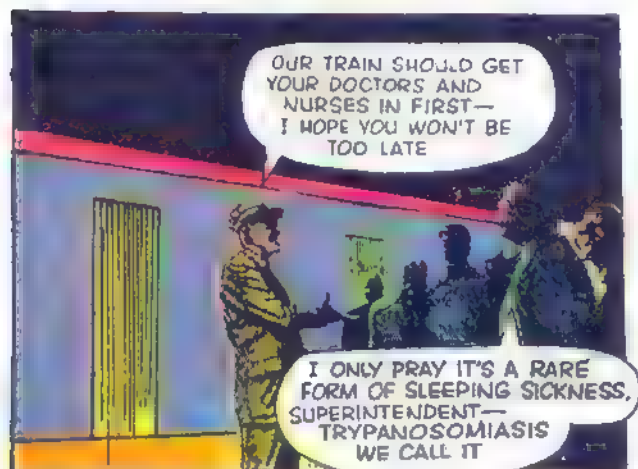
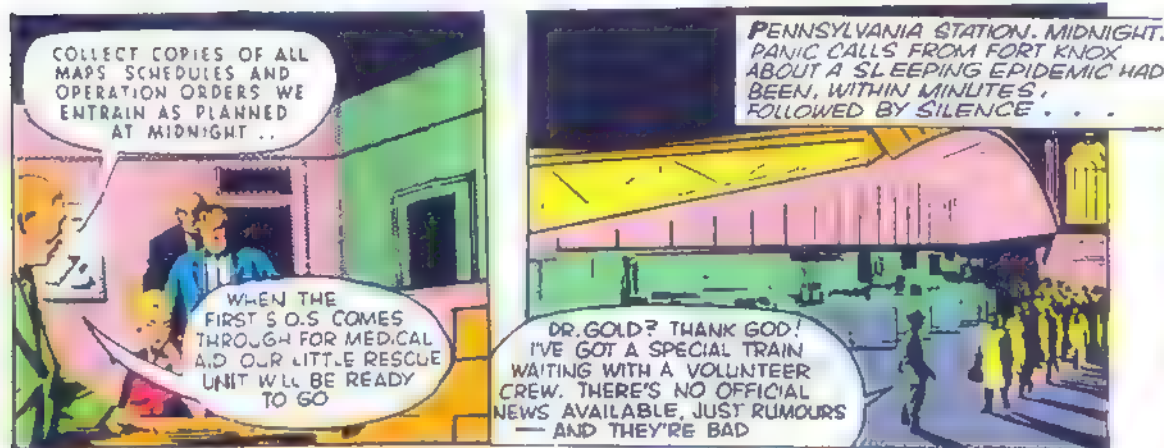
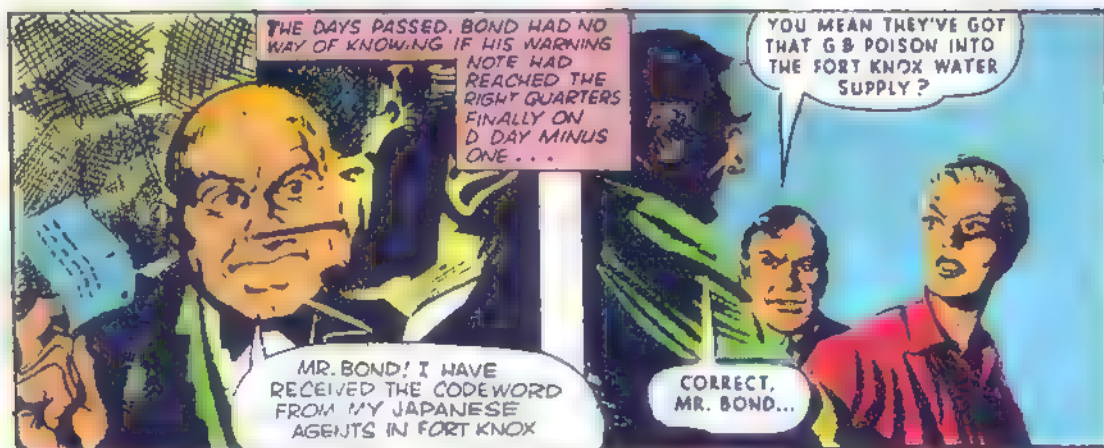


BOND WORKED ON. BUT WOULD THEY ACCEPT BOND'S CONDITION THAT NO "SCARING-OFF" MOVES WERE TO BE MADE?

THEY HAD TO GET THE TWO JAP "OFFICIALS" WITH THE POISON — AND SOMEHOW BEAT OUT OF THEM THE CODE MESSAGE GOLDFINGER WOULD BE WAITING FOR ON D DAY MINUS ONE...

BACK IN GOLDFINGER'S HOTEL BOND CHECKED THE FINAL DETAILS FOR OPERATION GRAND SLAM. HIS WARNING MESSAGE HAD BEEN LEFT IN THE SURVEY PLANE — BUT BOND KNEW IT WAS A RACE NOW... WOULD A CLEANER FIND THE WARNING NOTE? WOULD SOMEONE GET IT TO LEITER AT PINKERTONS? BOND KNEW WHAT LEITER WOULD DO — THERE WOULD BE THE DASH TO WASHINGTON, THE F B I, HOOVER, THE ARMY, THE PRESIDENT



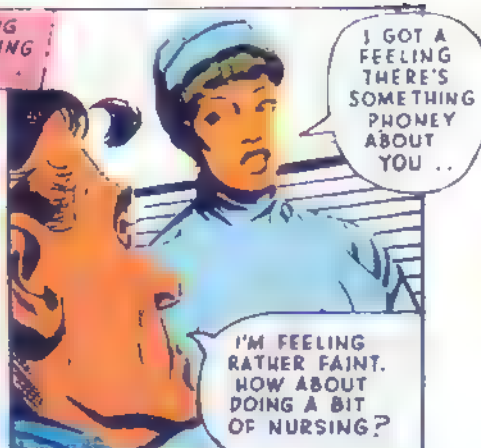




BOND HAD SMILED WRYLY AT SEEING
PUSSY GALORE'S CEMENT MIXER GANG
MOLLS DRESSED AS NURSES...

HI, HANDSOME.
LONG TIME NO
SEE

HULLO, PUSSY. THAT
OUTFIT SUITS YOU FINE...



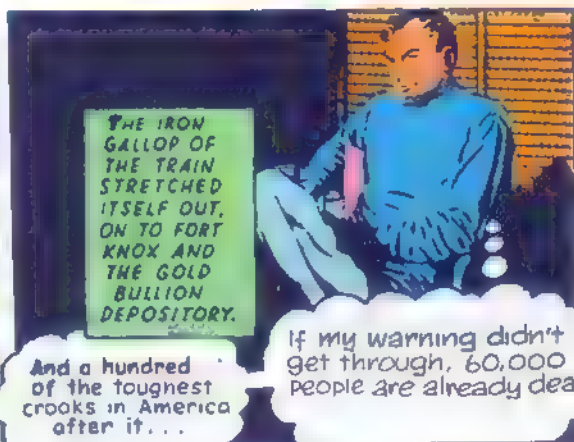
I GOT A
FEELING
THERE'S
SOMETHING
PHONEY
ABOUT
YOU...

I'M FEELING
RATHER FAINT.
HOW ABOUT
DOING A BIT
OF NURSING?



IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH
THIS CAPER, FOR MY MONEY IT'LL
BE YOU HANDSOME
WHO KNOWS WHY
GET ME?

DID PUSSY GALORE SUSPECT ANYTHING,
WONDERED BOND. HAD HIS MESSAGE GOT
THROUGH?



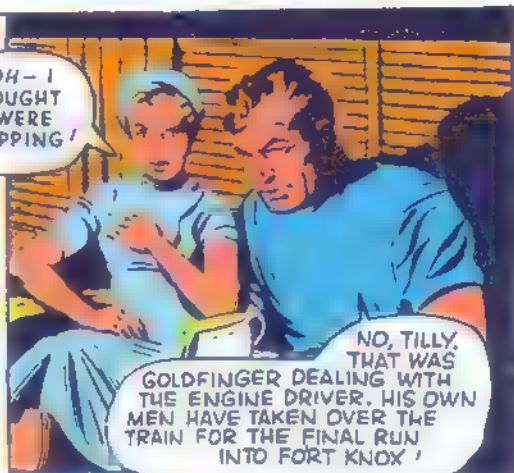
THE IRON
GALLOP OF
THE TRAIN
STRETCHED
ITSELF OUT,
ON TO FORT
KNOX AND
THE GOLD
BULLION
DEPOSITORY.

And a hundred
of the toughest
crooks in America
after it...

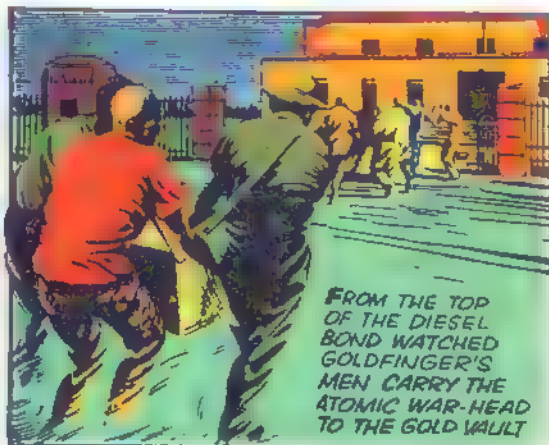
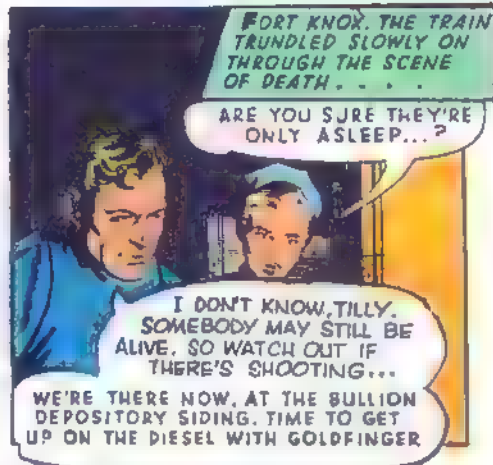
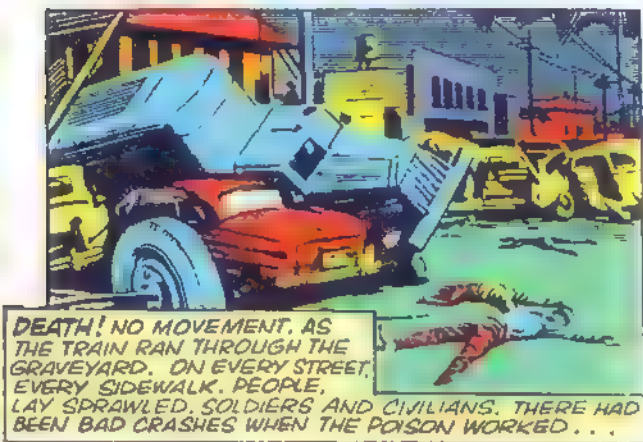
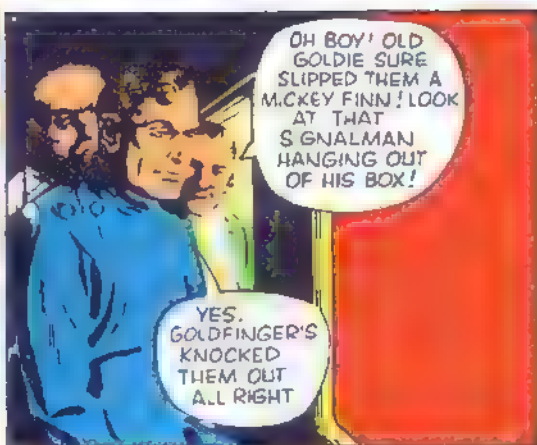
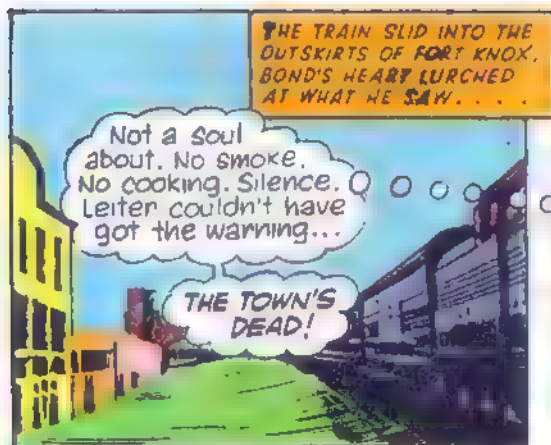
If my warning didn't
get through, 60,000
people are already dead



OOH - I
THOUGHT
WE WERE
STOPPING!



NO, TILLY,
THAT WAS
GOLDFINGER
DEALING WITH
THE ENGINE
DRIVER. HIS
OWN
MEN HAVE
TAKEN OVER
THE TRAIN
FOR THE FINAL
RUN
INTO FORT KNOX!



DESPERATELY BOND
LOOKED FOR A SIGN
OF LIFE . . .

I'LL TELL YOU AFTER
THOSE TEN MINUTES
ARE UP,
GOLDFINGER

IGNORING THE DEAD SOLDIERS HUDDLED
ON THE GROUND OR HANGING HORRIBLY
OUT OF THEIR TRUCKS AND TANKS,
GOLDFINGER'S MEN RACED TO ASSEMBLE
THE ATOMIC WAR-HEAD . . .

BOMB SQUAD READY. PREPARE
TO TAKE COVER... TEN MORE MINUTES AND I SHALL BE THE RICHEST
MAN IN THE WORLD- IN HISTORY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, MR. BOND?

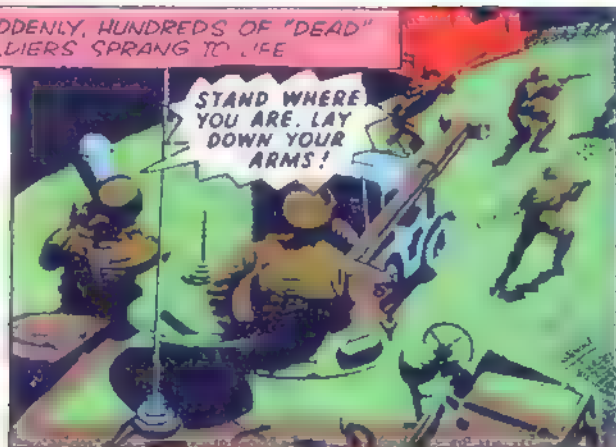
AT THE BULLION DEPOSITORY THE BOMB SQUAD PASSED THROUGH THE
MAIN GATE, CARRYING THE LAST PART OF THE WAR-HEAD WHICH WAS
TO BLAST THE TWENTY TON DOOR TO THE VAULT . . .

ANOTHER
FIVE MINUTES, MR BOND,
AND WE MUST TAKE COVER, AND
THEN WE WILL SAY GOODBYE . . .

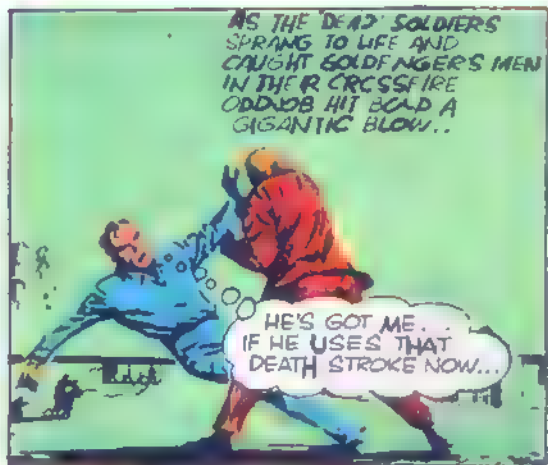
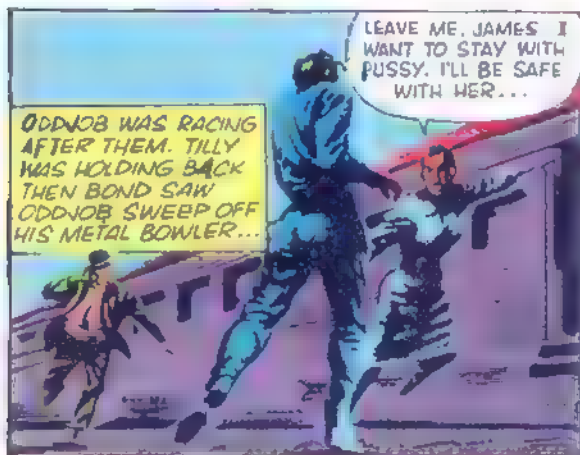
OUT OF THE CORNER
OF HIS EYE BOND
SAW SOMETHING
MOVING UP- UP INTO
THE SKY. . .

A MAROON
FLARE BURST
WITH AN EAR-
SPLITTING CRACK.

SUDDENLY, HUNDREDS OF "DEAD" SOLDIERS SPRANG TO LIFE



AND THEN ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. AS BOND JUMPED WITH TILLY HE HEARD GOLDFINGER SCREAM TO ODDJOB...

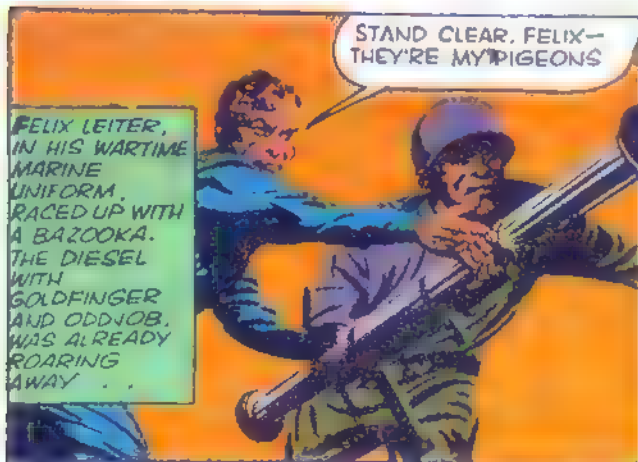


BUT SUDDENLY THE DIESEL'S HORN
SCOUNDED THREE BLASTS. ODDJOB
HE SATATED TURNED — AND RAN FOR
THE FOOTPLATE ...

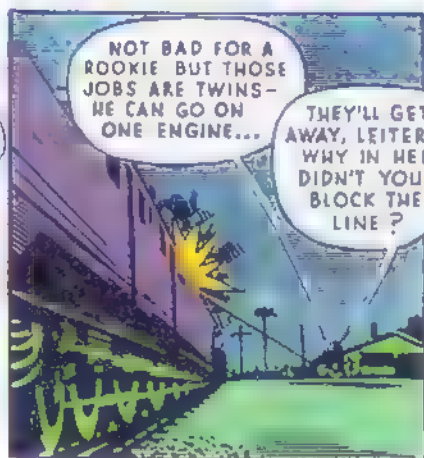
GOLDFINGER'S
PULLING OUT!
BUT WHAT'S
THAT?

SAN-TIA-GO!

IT'S LEITER! IT'S HIS
BATTLE CRY. HE'S HERE.
THEY GOT THE MESSAGE!



STAND CLEAR, FELIX—
THEY'RE MY PIGEONS



LISTEN, SHAMUS.
YOU GOT ANY
COMPLAINTS, TELL
'EM TO THE
PRESIDENT. HE TOOK
PERSONAL COMMAND
OF THIS OPERATION!

HELL, I'M GLAD TO
SEE YOU, FELIX!

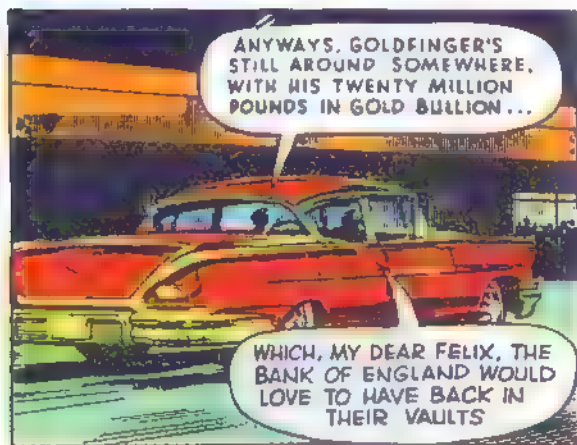
THERE'S A SPOTTER
PLANE OVERHEAD RIGHT
NOW. WE'LL HAVE OLD
GOLDFLOCKS IN THE
HOOSEGOW BY
MIDDAY



'FRÄID TILLY MASTERTON'S
HAD. IT

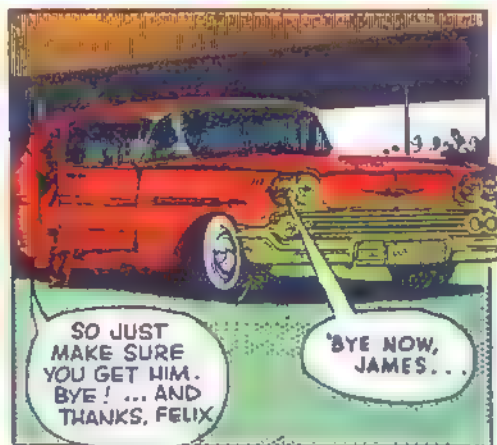
FROM HIGH ABOVE
CAME THE SHARP CRACK
OF A MAROON FLARE
! 'WAS THE CEASE
FIRE OF OPERATION
GRAND SLAM

O'BRIEN— GET THE
AMBULANCE TO HER. AND
STOP OVER AT THE COMMAND
POST AN' GIVE 'EM ALL THE FACTS



ANYWAYS, GOLDFINGER'S
STILL AROUND SOMEWHERE,
WITH HIS TWENTY MILLION
POUNDS IN GOLD BULLION...

WHICH, MY DEAR FELIX, THE
BANK OF ENGLAND WOULD
LOVE TO HAVE BACK IN
THEIR VAULTS



SO JUST
MAKE SURE
YOU GET HIM.
BYE! ... AND
THANKS, FELIX

'BYE NOW,
JAMES...



COULD BE.
SO LONG,
FELIX!

TELL THAT OLD BUZZARD 'M'
TO SEND YOU BACK SOON.
I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET
MY OIL WELL IN THE NOME STATE!



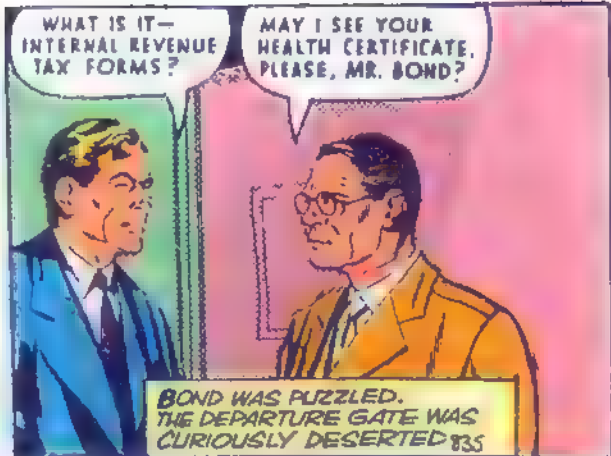
AS BOND WAITED FOR THE
LONDON PLANE, HE FELT
VAGUELY DISSATISFIED...

My orders
were to get
Goldfinger
and his bullion:
I got neither...



it was a sheer miracle that Operation Grand Slam was broken. Now, what do they want?

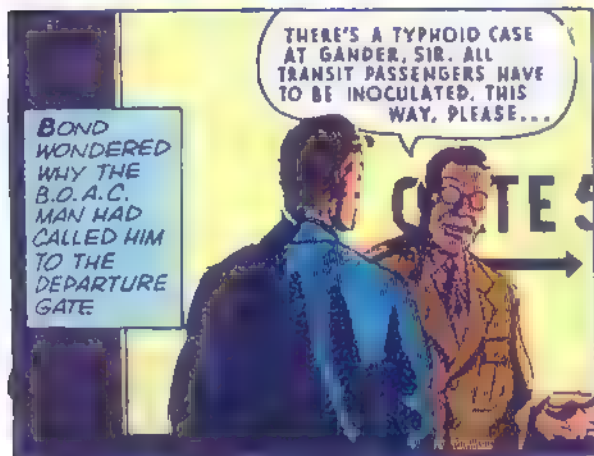
MR JAMES BOND. PLEASE—WANTED AT THE TICKET COUNTER...



WHAT IS IT—INTERNAL REVENUE TAX FORMS?

MAY I SEE YOUR HEALTH CERTIFICATE, PLEASE, MR. BOND?

BOND WAS PUZZLED. THE DEPARTURE GATE WAS CURIOUSLY DESERTED



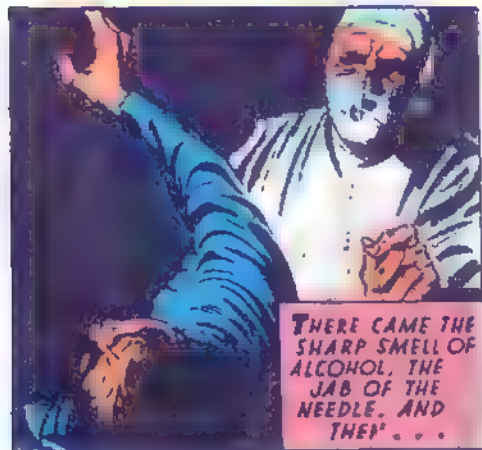
THERE'S A TYPHOID CASE AT GANDER, SIR. ALL TRANSIT PASSENGERS HAVE TO BE INOCULATED, THIS WAY, PLEASE...

BOND WONDERED WHY THE B.O.A.C. MAN HAD CALLED HIM TO THE DEPARTURE GATE

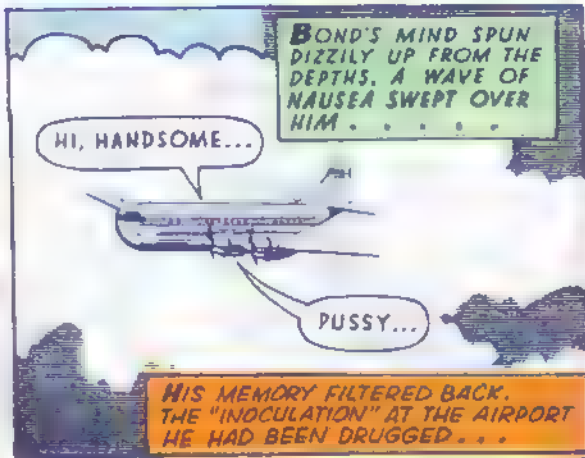


ALL RIGHT—BUT WHERE ARE ALL THE OTHER PASSENGERS?

YOU'RE THE LAST ONE, SIR—LEFT SLEEVE UP, PLEASE



THERE CAME THE SHARP SMELL OF ALCOHOL, THE JAB OF THE NEEDLE, AND THEN...



HI, HANDSOME...

BOND'S MIND SPUN DIZZILY UP FROM THE DEPTHS. A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEPED OVER HIM

PUSSY...

HIS MEMORY FILTERED BACK. THE "INOCULATION" AT THE AIRPORT HE HAD BEEN DRUGGED...

PUSSY GALORE LOOKED TRIM IN THE UNIFORM OF A BOAC STEWARDESS

WHAT'S GOING ON, PUSSY? WHAT HAPPENED?

GOLDFINGER "BORROWED" THIS FAIRLINER— IN HIS USUAL EFFICIENT WAY

...AND TOOK ME ALONG FOR THE RIDE— WITH ODDJOB HERE AS MY CHAPERON

SOMETHING LIKE THAT

THE HUGE PLANE ROARED ON. THEN GOLDFINGER APPEARED, DRESSED AS A BOAC CAPTAIN...

WELL, MR. BOND. SO FATE WISHED US TO PLAY THE GAME OUT. TELL ME, HOW DID YOU SMASH MY OPERATION AT FORT KNOX? HOW DID YOU COMMUNICATE?

BOND'S MOUTH WAS DRY. HIS WRISTS WERE STRAPPED TO HIS ARM RESTS

WE WILL TALK, GOLDFINGER— WHEN YOU RELEASE ME AND BRING ME BOURBON, ICE, SODA WATER AND CIGARETTES...

MISS GALORE— GET MR. BOND'S DRINK

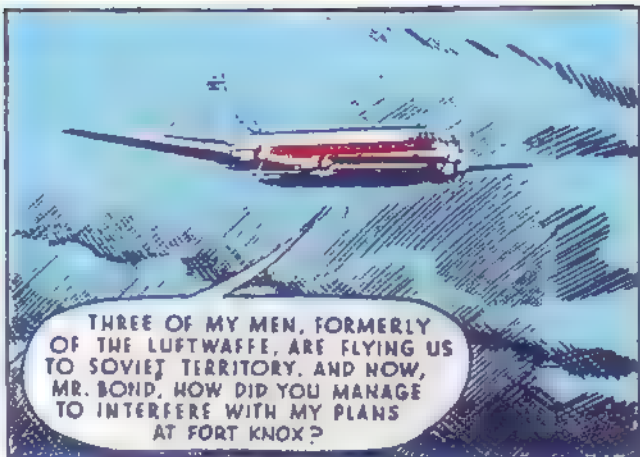
I HAVE NO OBJECTION, OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR ABILITIES AS AN OPPONENT. BUT ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU WILL BE KILLED INSTANTLY!

PUSSY GALORE BROUGHT A GLASS OF BOURBON— AND THE BOTTLE...

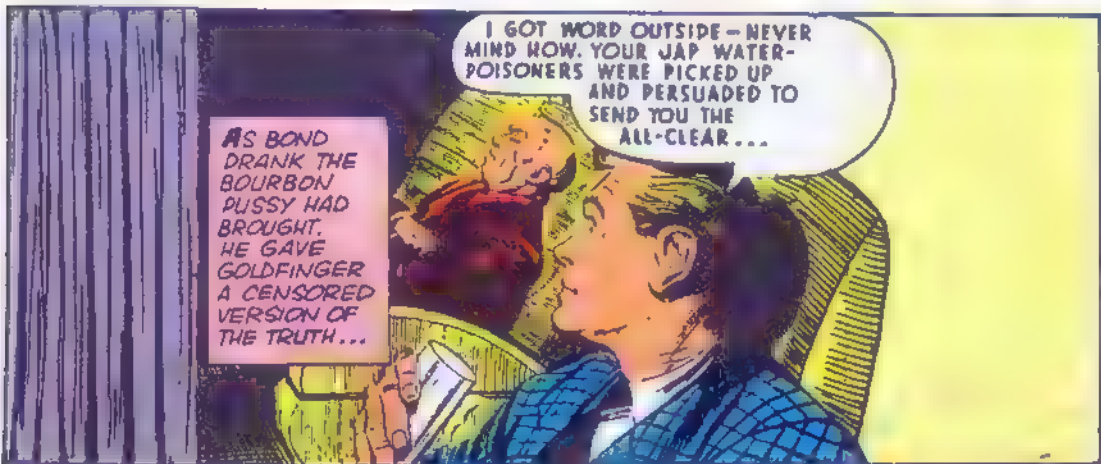
THANKS, PUSSY. NOW, GOLDFINGER, WHAT'S GOING ON? AND HOW DID YOU GET THIS PLANE?



ON THE COLLAPSE OF GRAND SLAM, MR BOND, I WENT TO CAPE HATTERAS. LATER I GOT THIS PLANE, USING BLUFF AND FORCE. AT IDLEWILD WHILE THE CREW WAS UNCONSCIOUS I MANAGED TO LOAD ON MY GOLD — TWENTY MILLION POUND'S WORTH...



THREE OF MY MEN, FORMERLY OF THE LUFTWAFFE, ARE FLYING US TO SOVIET TERRITORY. AND NOW, MR. BOND, HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS AT FORT KNOX?



AS BOND DRANK THE BOURBON PUSSY HAD BROUGHT, HE GAVE GOLDFINGER A CENSORED VERSION OF THE TRUTH...

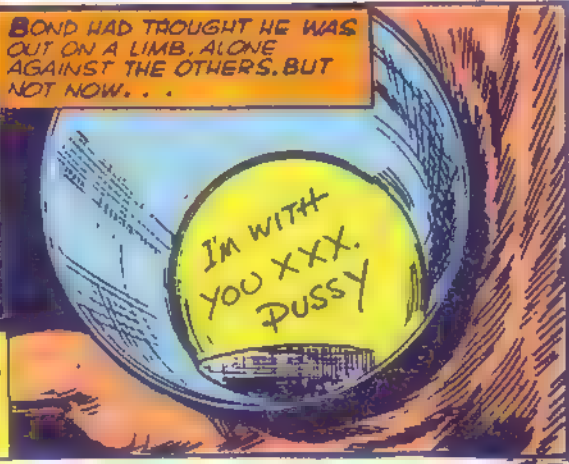
I GOT WORD OUTSIDE — NEVER MIND NOW. YOUR JAP WATER-POISONERS WERE PICKED UP AND PERSUADED TO SEND YOU THE ALL-CLEAR...

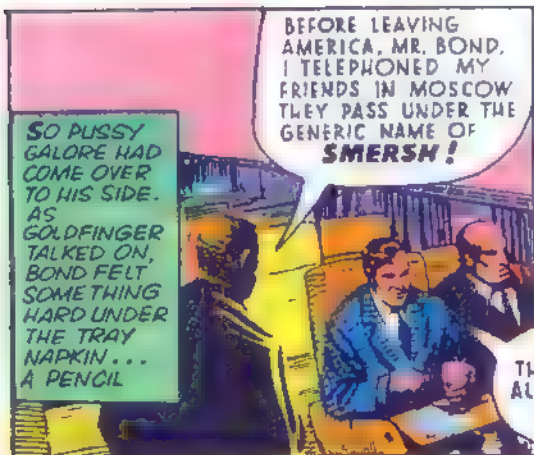


SO THE U.S. ARMY AND PEOPLE OF FORT KNOX WERE WAITING FOR YOU AND YOUR HOODLUMS

THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE TUMBLER, BOND SAW A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER, STUCK TO THE UNDERSIDE

BOND HAD TROUGHT HE WAS OUT ON A LIMB, ALONE AGAINST THE OTHERS. BUT NOT NOW...

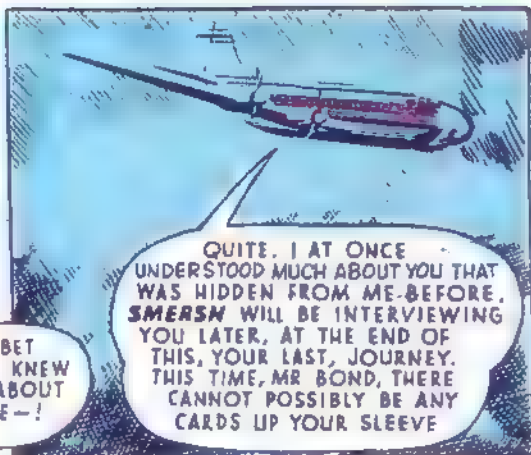




SO PUSSY
GALORE HAD
COME OVER
TO HIS SIDE.
AS
GOLDFINGER
TALKED ON,
BOND FELT
SOMETHING
HARD UNDER
THE TRAY
NAPKIN...
A PENCIL

BEFORE LEAVING
AMERICA, MR. BOND,
I TELEPHONED MY
FRIENDS IN MOSCOW
THEY PASS UNDER THE
GENERIC NAME OF
SMERSH!

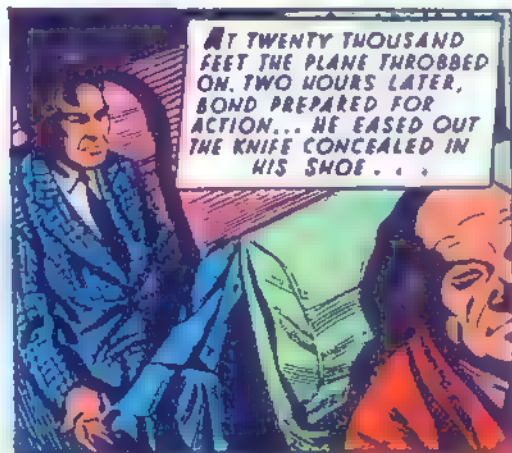
I BET
THEY KNEW
ALL ABOUT
ME—!



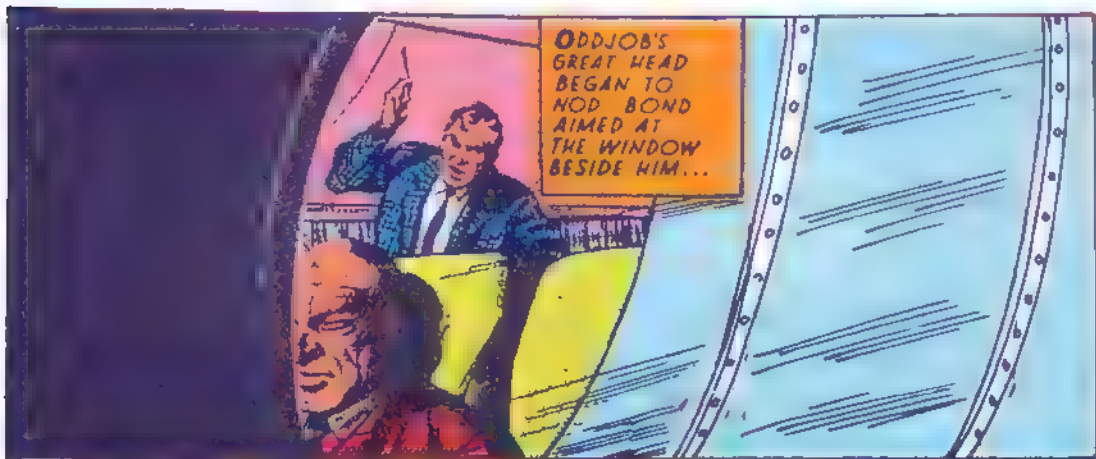
QUITE. I AT ONCE
UNDERSTOOD MUCH ABOUT YOU THAT
WAS HIDDEN FROM ME-BEFORE.
SMERSH WILL BE INTERVIEWING
YOU LATER, AT THE END OF
THIS, YOUR LAST, JOURNEY.
THIS TIME, MR BOND, THERE
CANNOT POSSIBLY BE ANY
CARDS UP YOUR SLEEVE

WHEN GOLDFINGER
LEFT HIM TO CHECK
THEIR FLIGHT POSITION,
BOND WENT TO WORK
PUSSY WOULD COLLECT
THE TRAY ANY MINUTE
NOW...

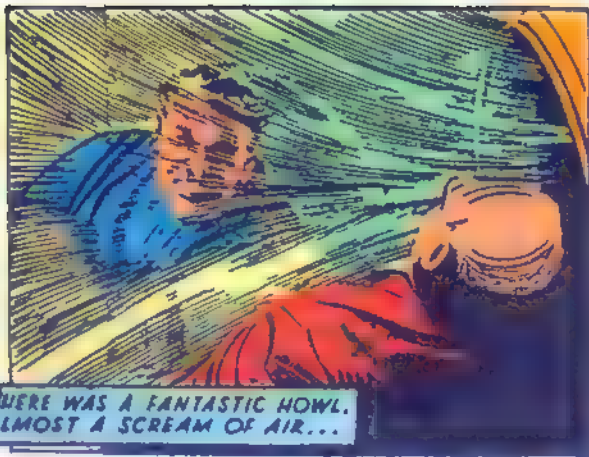
*I'll do my best
Faster you Seat Belt
XXX James*



AT TWENTY THOUSAND
FEET THE PLANE THROBBED
ON. TWO HOURS LATER,
BOND PREPARED FOR
ACTION... HE EASED OUT
THE KNIFE CONCEALED IN
HIS SHOE...



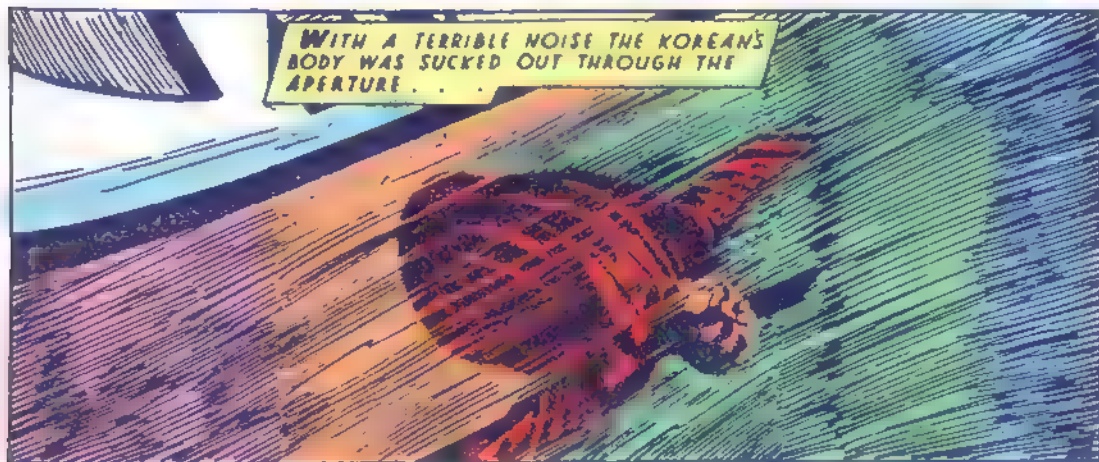
ODDJOB'S
GREAT HEAD
BEGAN TO
NOD BOND
AIMED AT
THE WINDOW
BESIDE HIM...



THERE WAS A FANTASTIC HOWL.
ALMOST A SCREAM OF AIR...



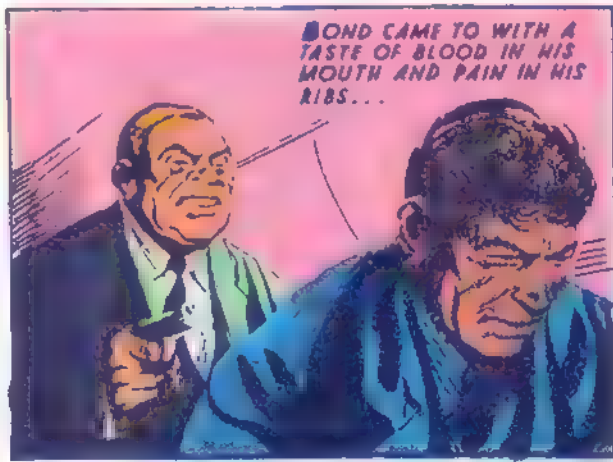
ODDJOB WAS
SUCKED
LIKE A RAG
DOLL, UP
AGAINST
THE
HOLE...



WITH A TERRIBLE NOISE THE KOREAN'S
BODY WAS SUCKED OUT THROUGH THE
APERTURE . . .



BOND'S OXYGEN-
STARVED BODY
COLLAPSED IN
A SEAR OF
LUNG PAIN



BOND CAME TO WITH A
TASTE OF BLOOD IN HIS
MOUTH AND PAIN IN HIS
RIBS...



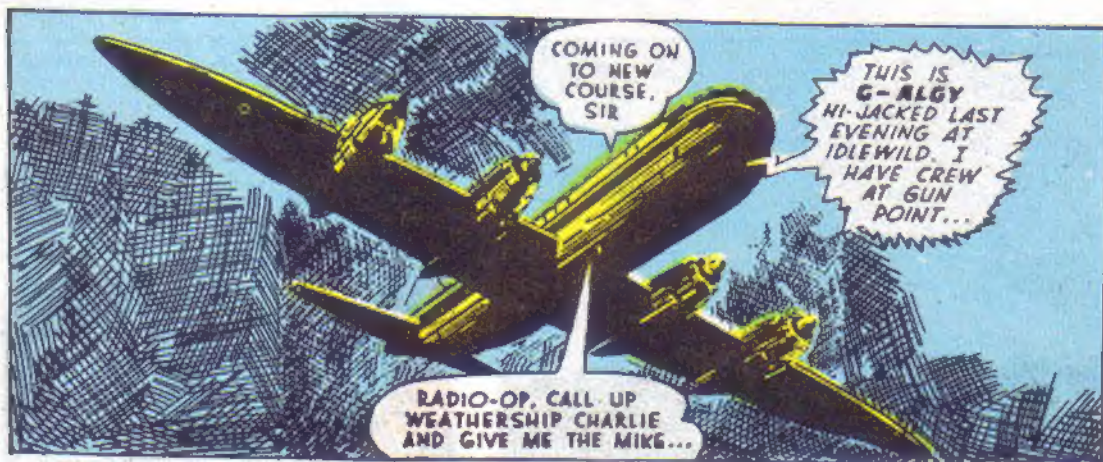


SIR, WE ARE FIVE HUNDRED MILES EAST OF GOOSE BAY. GROUND SPEED TWO-FIFTY MILES PER HOUR, HEIGHT TWO THOUSAND. FUEL FOR TWO HOURS FLYING AT THIS HEIGHT AND SPEED



ALTER COURSE FOR THE NEAREST OCEAN STATION SHIP. WHERE IS IT, NAVIGATOR?

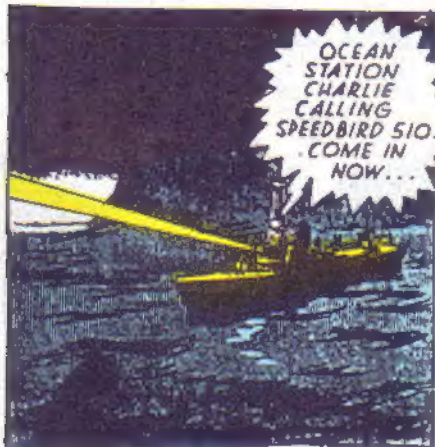
THREE HUNDRED MILES NORTH-EAST, SIR. WEATHERSHIP CHARLIE...



COMING ON TO NEW COURSE, SIR

THIS IS G-ALGY HI-JACKED LAST EVENING AT IDLEWILD. I HAVE CREW AT GUN POINT...

RADIO-OP, CALL UP WEATHERSHIP CHARLIE AND GIVE ME THE MIKE...



OCEAN STATION CHARLIE CALLING SPEEDBIRD 510. COME IN NOW...

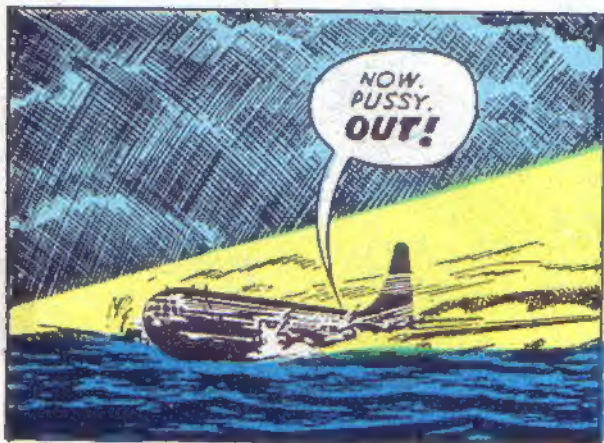


CAN'T MAKE GOOSE BAY. PROPOSE TO DITCH NEAR YOU. PLEASE PUT OUT LINE OF FLARES AND WISH ME LUCK



HALLO SPEEDBIRD 510-
WILCO THE FLARES.
WIND HERE FORCE
TWO-LONG SMOOTH
SWELL, NO BROKEN
CRESTS. YOU SHOULD
MAKE DITCHING
IS OKAY...

I'M GOING AFT
TO GET THE HATCH OPEN
WHEN WE HIT THE WATER.
ANYONE COMING THROUGH THIS
GETS SHOT. RIGHT? PUSSY
STAY BY ME!



NOW,
PUSSY.
OUT!



SO YOU MADE IT, BOND!
AND GOLDFINGER? THE
OTHERS?

DEAD OR
DROWNED
- IT'S ALL
OVER



YOU RAN OUT ON
GOLDFINGER FOR
ME, PUSSY. WHY...?

I FOUND
SOMETHING
BETTER THAN
GOLD- YOU!

Later...

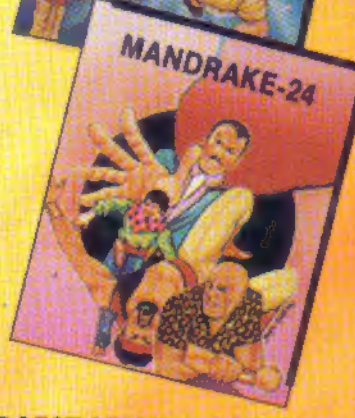
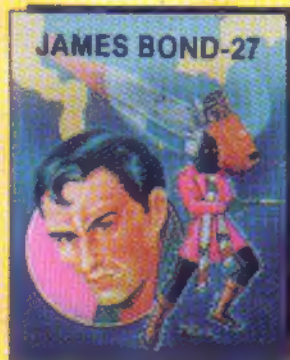
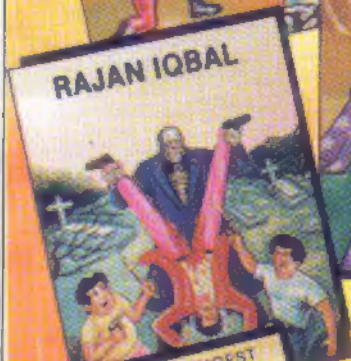
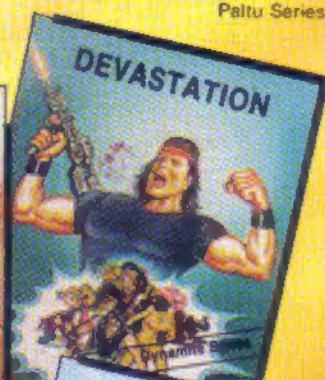
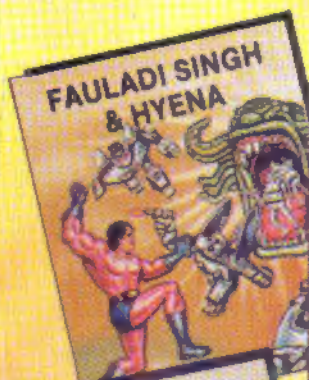


WILL YOU
WRITE TO ME
IN SING SING,
JAMES?

End of
story

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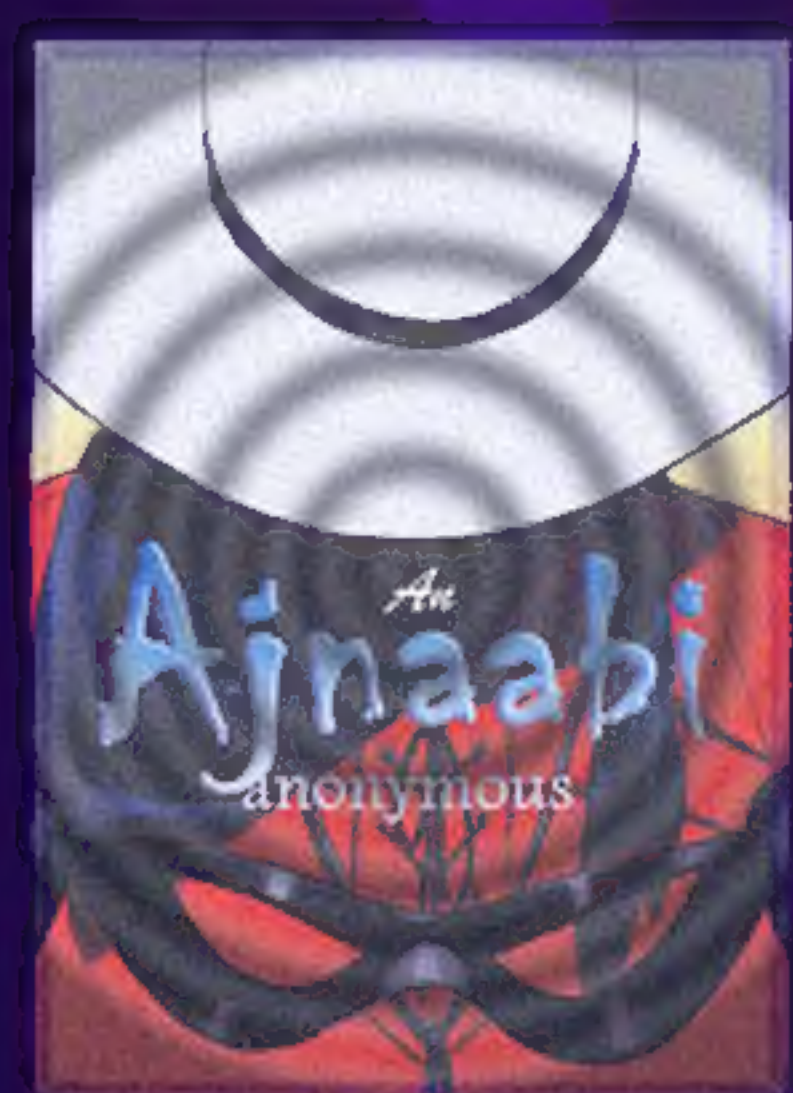
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